

T H E

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS

I N E N G L A N D .

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DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS
I N E N G L A N D :

B E I N G
A CONTINUATION OF
LE DIABLE BOITEUX

O F
L E S A G E.

Haud passibus æquis.—VIRGIL.

V O L. VI.

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DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

C H A P. XVIII.

The same Subject continued a little further.

“**Y**OU will now,” said Don Cleofas, “be so indulgent as to explain to me the cause of a violent bustle I see in the upper chamber of the corner house, where there appears to be no common degree of confusion, with a little bloodshed, as it appears to me, into the bargain.—Some pleasant dispute, I suppose, has ended in the death of the poor man, who, from his lifeless appearance, as the people

are raising him from the floor, has, I fear, received a wound that will for ever disqualify him for any further concerns with our world."

"It is even so," answered Asmodeus; "but the conflict has been with himself, and he has fallen, not by the hand of any human enemy, but by the violence of his own passions.—He was a man of some talents and literary acquisitions, which he had persuaded himself were of the first rank, and his life has been tortured by the ill success of his endeavours to make the world agree in his appreciation of them.—His writings have not been received with that regard by the public which he thinks they had an absolute right to claim,—and by their bringing him disappointment instead of expected profit and reputation, the natural irritability of his temper has been increased to such a degree, as, at length, to have brought on the present catastrophe.

"This

“This very morning, as he amused his breakfast with a newspaper, he was informed, by an advertisement, that a work, which he considered as greatly inferior to the worst of his own productions, and written by a man of whose abilities he entertained a most sovereign contempt, had come to a seventh edition;—and while his bilious resentment was gradually rising at this mortifying circumstance, he was favoured by a polite letter from the manager of one of the theatres, containing an opinion, that a play, which he had offered for representation, was wholly unfit for the stage. Within the same half hour he was also favoured with his bookseller’s account, by which it appeared, that his last work, framed with so much toil, and the fancied source of so much emolument and fame, had not paid the expences of printing and publication.

“Such a combination of disappointing and mortifying circumstances thronging

upon him, as it were, in the same moment, and when he was in such a disturbed and unphilosophic state of preparation, forced him at once into a most violent paroxysm of passion, which, after he had stamped about the room like a madman, and dealed his execrations on authors, booksellers, and mankind, ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel, which has settled his accounts with them all, and for ever.—His pulse is now in its last flutter, and his heart, which has so long been harassed with the agitations of pride, jealousy and disappointment, will throb no more.”

“To a man with such self-tormenting dispositions,” said Don Cleofas, “death may be considered as a friendly relief, and I should be induced to justify the satisfaction I feel on the occasion, if my attention was not very powerfully directed to a young lady, dressed in all the fashionable elegance of her age, and, as it should seem, in the snowy attire of a bridal day. But if that
should

should be the case, I must prepare a more than common portion of my pity,—for, from the distress that overwhelms her, I am to fear that she is some unhappy victim, whom parental power has forced to the arms of a detested bridegroom.”

“She is, in truth, a bride,” answered Asmodeus, “and has been this morning led to the altar, with all the propitious omens of nuptial felicity; but, at the moment when the ceremony concluded, her father, who was an happy attendant on the occasion, sunk down suddenly on the pavement,—and, after a faint expression of thanks to Heaven, for having permitted him to see that day, closed a life of honour in the arms of the amiable man whom the nuptial benediction had just made his son.”

“It is an affecting scene,” said the Count; but as the young lady has an husband, whom she loves, to console her,——”

“ I will excuse your observations,” interrupted the Demon; “ for as they would be ill-founded, they had better be omitted.—The mourning bride is sincere in her sorrows;—she loved her father, for he formed her mind to virtue;—and she will not forget him in the arms of her husband:—Nor will the worthy man who calls her his, love her less for such a proof of that tender nature which will gild the happiness of his own life.”

“ I beg your pardon,” replied Don Cleofas, “ for any appearance or expression which, on such a solemn occasion, must, I well know, be very offensive to the delicacy of your character; but, to tell you the truth, my apprehensions out-ran your relation, and had absolutely killed the bridegroom instead of the father.—The unexpected diminution of the catastrophe, therefore, has enlivened my fancy, perhaps rather more than may perfectly accord with the circumstances of the moment; but

but my mind is already brought back to its proper tone, upon the solemn spectacle which arrests my sight, as it passes along, and, indeed, occupies the whole length of the square beyond us.—The sun glitters on that parade of death, and throws an affecting lustre upon the scene.—But I must beg of you to favour me with the cause of that variegated plumage which adorns the hearse:—I have seen the white and the sable decorations of funeral pomp, and been taught by you the nature of their respective application; but here, if I am not deceived, they are blended with each other,—a circumstance which probably marks some appropriate distinction, unless vanity, which, indeed, would not surprise me, exercises its caprices on the dead as well as the living.”

“The peculiar decorations,” answered the Demon, “of that funeral procession, announce to all who see it, that it is conveying the remains of a lady who died in

child-bed; and as the circumstances of her death are of a very singular nature, and offer a picture of human weakness which you have not yet seen, I will, as a matter of very curious instruction, unfold it to you.

“ You must know then, that among the many modes of getting money which are exercised in this great city, by imposing on the foolish, the credulous, and the curious, the business of pretending to cast nativities, and tell fortunes, is not the least successful.—Many persons, of both sexes, carry on a very profitable trade, by an artful display of their assumed power of foretelling future events; and as they have learned the art of playing upon weak minds, they frequently discover a clue by which they can determine upon the particular situations and circumstances of such as make application to them:—Besides, as, in the common risk of being right or wrong, it frequently happens that they
make

make a fortunate distinction, which always gives them a sufficient proportion of fame and character to answer their purposes of attraction;—and as superstition and folly are always on their side,—the advantages are considerably in their favour:—While the numbers who are induced to visit them, from mere curiosity or amusement, add to the emoluments of their extraordinary profession.

“Of the latter, was this unfortunate lady, who has literally fallen a sacrifice to the idle project of laughing at a conjurer. With this view, accompanied by two pleasant females of her acquaintance, she sought the abode of one of these professional oracles; and, in order to heighten the joke, she had disguised herself in the most unwieldy appearance of a pregnant situation.—In this form she appeared before the astrologer, and, in a tremulous tone of assumed apprehension, demanded if it would be her lot to have two, three, or

four children. The cunning man, who was conjurer enough to discover the plot, determined to be revenged of it; and with all the solemnity of his situation, informed her that the number of children with which she was pregnant, was beyond the reach of his art, because it was destined in the book of fate, that they should not see the light,—and that, in the struggles of nature to make her a mother, she herself would perish.

“The lady, nettled at the declaration, and eager to prove the falsehood of his prediction, let fall her bundle on the floor, and expected to derive no small amusement from the prophet’s confusion: but he, who was well versed in all the arts and impudence of his trade, and was prepared for all contingencies that might happen in the course of it, retained the full force of his philosophic gravity; and when she began to exercise her raillery upon his never-failing sagacity, he, with a steady, unmoved aspect,

aspect, assured her, that his vaticination would be realized, and that she would die in child-bed.—Irritated by his unmoved solemnity, she suffered her wit to rise into pettishness and anger;—but he replied, again and again, in the same peremptory tone, that her fate would be that which he had predicted.

“ In short, this poor lady, instead of having got a good laugh at the expence of the fortune-teller, and furnished herself with a subject of laughter for others, returned home disappointed of both, and in a state of mind by no means disposed to mirth or levity; while the prophetic declaration not only dwelled strongly in her remembrance, but occasioned, at times, a very painful dejection of spirits.—This, however, is not the worst part of the story;—for when she afterwards became pregnant, her apprehensions,—which she was, at the same time, ashamed to disclose,—grew daily upon her; and, in the act of becoming

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ing a mother, put an end to her existence.

“ The ladies who accompanied her on the ridiculous, but fatal errand, to the fortune-teller, very prudently keep the secret to themselves ;—and they and your Lordship are the only persons, at this time, acquainted with the extraordinary transaction.—As for myself, you may be assured I shall do every thing in my power to prevent the publication of an event, that might bring a profession into discredit, which is affording continual assistance to the operations of your humble servant and his honourable brotherhood.—But of this oracular profession, you shall, hereafter, be more particularly informed, when I have an opportunity of conducting you to one or other of these repositories of future events.

“ Such is the history,” continued the Demon, “ of the funeral pomp that has
just

just passed along the square, of which we have here but a very imperfect view;—we will, therefore, if you please, remove our situation to a more commanding prospect of it, where we will finish the remaining half hour of our morning speculations.”

The proposition was no sooner made than accepted,—and the Count found himself in an instant transported to a position, where his attention was immediately engaged by a very beautiful woman, who, while she grasped the hand of an elderly gentleman, appeared to be making very earnest enquiries of him, with a countenance that expressed an agitation of the deepest concern.

“That admirable woman,” said the Demon, “is enquiring of a physician concerning the state in which he has found her husband; and the tear in his eye,—for a long acquaintance with sick chambers

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has not yet hardened his heart,—informs her that she must expect the worst. He will answer her present questions by his friendly exhortations to call forth all her resolution into exertion, against the event that is this moment approaching; and which, while I am speaking, is making her children fatherless and herself a widow.

“To tell you the truth, it is not the mere loss of an husband, whom she never loved with any degree of passion,—and who, though naturally a good-natured man, had, from distresses in the latter part of his life, changed his former respectful conduct into actual ill-treatment, that she derives the poignancy of her present misery, but from the manner in which she suspects he has ended his life, and the involved state in which she has reason to apprehend, from such a circumstance, he must have left his family.—As this poor gentleman’s history is somewhat singular, I will give you the leading features of it.

His

“ His father was the only son of a gentleman of ancient family and small fortune, in the western part of Scotland, who, in the troubles which agitated that country, in the earlier periods of the present century, was an unhappy sharer in the desolations of war, which ruined so many of his countrymen. He died soon after, leaving a son of about fifteen years of age, to make his way in the world, with no other patrimony but the last blessing of his father. The young man having no means of support but such as chance threw in his way, was glad to enter into the service of a gentleman eminent for his botanical pursuits, and with whom he acquired that knowledge which qualified him afterwards to become the gardener of a nobleman who resided in one of the most cultivated parts of North Britain.

“ He was of an age, at the death of his father, to feel the full force of his family misfortunes,—and he never ceased to consider

consider his menial profession as a state of degradation; which, though it might not be changed, by a change of situation, would be attended with less mortification to himself in a country where his origin was not known, and his humiliation would not be aggravated by the circumstances around him. He might not also be without hopes, that he should find that good fortune in the southern part of the island, which so many of his countrymen had found before him.—In short, he quitted Scotland, and with a wife and a little boy,—who has just ceased to be the husband of the very lady now beneath your eye,—took the direct road for London.

“ When this little travelling party was arrived within a few miles of the metropolis, at the close of a sultry summer’s day, and extremely fatigued with the journey of it, they were tempted to turn out of the road to a large house, in order to request a little hospitable refreshment from

from the master of it.—As it happened, they found him standing at the gate of his court-yard; and, with the humility of distress, but in a tone far above the common cant of beggary, they offered their petition, that he would suffer his servants to give them a cup of small-beer and a morsel of bread.

“ He was a gentleman of very large fortune, and of a singular but inoffensive character, whose retired life had taken its shape and colour from a disappointment in love, when he was of an age for that tyrannic passion to make an impression upon him.—He did a great deal of good in his neighbourhood,—but his benevolence seemed rather to proceed from the occasional impulse of whim and caprice, than from any settled principle of humanity.—When, therefore, these poor people made their request, it happened not to be a generous moment with him; and, so far from yielding to their entreaties, he spoke
to

to them in a chiding tone,—and had already turned away, when the little boy, as it were, intuitively seized the skirt of his coat, and with the silent eloquence of his entreating looks, enforced the petition of his parents. This singular and unexpected circumstance turned the good man's mind, in a moment, to all the fulness of compassion; when, taking the child by the hand, he led him through the court, and bidding the man and his wife to follow, he conducted them into the house, and ordering a plentiful meal to be set before them, gave directions that they should be brought to his study as soon as they had finished it.—He there received them with renewed kindness, and desired them to tell their past history and their future prospects.—These were related with all the simplicity of truth and the humility of misfortune.

“ The gentleman then perused the certificates of the gardener's former service, and immediately hired him in that capacity,—

city,—appointed his wife to the superintendence of a dairy,—and promised, if they behaved themselves with the fidelity he had a right to expect, that he would take care and provide for their little boy. The woman, among other good qualities, was very handsome, and, on the death of her husband, which happened soon after, by a fall from an horse, became the confidential house-keeper, and, as the neighbourhood believed, the mistress of her master.—Be that as it may,—he educated the boy as his own son, and when he died, left him the sole heir of his large fortune, and with particular injunctions that he should take his name.

“The young gentleman, when he came of age, quitted the spot of his good fortune, where all the circumstances of it were so well known, and purchased a large property in a distant county, where he married the lady whom you now see,—who was the daughter of a man of very large

large fortune and ancient family.—You will do her no more than justice in considering her as a woman who, in charms of person, elegance of manners, and refinement of understanding, is equalled by few, and excelled by none of the most distinguished women of this country.—She was very young when it was her parents pleasure to unite her to a man whose education had been conducted by a dissenting teacher, of rigid morals, confined learning, and little knowledge of the world;—and which, of course, was not calculated to form such an husband as would make her happy.—He was proud of her superior qualities, and treated her with the most respectful attention;—but he had not a mind that could answer to her's;—and her life has been one continued struggle to be resigned to a situation in which she could not find contentment.—He was anxious after importance,—loved to be considered as a person of consequence,—became a member of parliament,—

ment,—lived in elegance,—distressed himself by purchasing estates beyond his ability,—and applied to the gaming of the funds in order to extricate himself from the difficulties that oppressed him.—In this last business, he, like many others, proved very unfortunate;—and has sheltered himself from approaching ruin, in the arms of death.

“ His lovely widow will feel all the distresses of her unmerited situation;—be obliged to leave the great world, of which she was the ornament, for a distant retirement, which she will, however, render honourable; and where, after a little time, she will recover from the shock of fortune, and enjoy more real satisfaction than she ever experienced in the former,—and which, in the language of the world, would be called the prosperous part of her life.”

“ There is no end,” said Don Cleofas,
“ of the variety of human misfortune—”

“ But

“ But that event,” interrupted Afmo-
deus, “ which brings all human con-
cerns to the same colour ;—and, if you will
give your attention a little, to the right
of the house which contains the last object
of your consideration, you may contem-
plate a dying scene of a new complexion,
and most affecting circumstance.

“ In that white bed is the faded form
of early beauty, which is about to escape
happily from a world where her innocence
has not yet been contaminated, and from
whence her virtuous spirit will return to
the fountain of it.—She is now approach-
ing to the extreme limits of life ;—the
lively emotions which at present animate
her frame, are the last exertions of na-
ture.—The chearing smile of her counte-
nance does but precede the languid com-
posure of death ;—and all those eager looks
are the last office which her eyes will per-
form ;—in a few minutes those orbs will
be set in darkness. At present she is in
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the delirium of sinking nature,—and thinks she sees the form of her mother sitting on a cloud, and stretching forth her arms to embrace her:—She is now describing the happy vision to the afflicted friends who surround her,—and as she sinks gently into death,—fancies that she rises into glory.”

“ This,” exclaimed the Count, “ tho’ an affecting, is a charming scene:”——
“ And I would with pleasure,” said the Demon, “ if time did not press upon me, leave you a little to the indulgence of those sentiments which such a picture as this must awaken in such a mind as your’s; but I am forced to interrupt them, by calling your immediate attention to a chamber, in which you must perceive several persons surrounding a bed,—and where a ceremony is, at this moment, performing, which is, I believe, seldom deferred to a dying hour.—It is a curious little history, and a slight sketch of it will unfold all the
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circumstances of the singular business which is now arranging there, and would be perfectly unintelligible to you without such an explanation.

“ I must beg the favour of you then,” continued Asmodeus, “ not to be surpris’d, when I tell you, that it is nothing less, my good friend, than a wedding which is, at this moment, celebrating before you.—Hymen, as it appears, is mingling the light of his torch with that which proceeds from the flambeau of Death.—You must know then, that the lady, now bolstered up to receive an husband, has, for many years, been the mistress, and I will add, the faithful mistress of the worthy nobleman who is now uniting himself to her under the sanctions of law and religion.—She has, for some time, been confined to her bed; and when the physician declared her recovery was hopeless, her noble protector made her a visit which he thought would be the last; and with an humane design

design to give a person he had so long loved, every possible consolation in her last hours,—made an unreserved offer of doing any thing and every thing in his power to satisfy her mind at that awful period which he believed was approaching.

“ After some hesitation, and an expressive look of silent gratitude, she told him, in a feeble voice, and with interrupted articulation, that it would quiet all the alarms she suffered respecting her future allotment, and tranquillize her doubting spirit, at once, into perfect composure and resignation, if she could but die his wife. There was still strength and life enough in her, as she believed, to go through that ceremony which would give her the consolatory and sanctifying privilege of calling him her husband, and receive a rightful embrace from him, before she sunk into the arms of death.

“ He is a man of sensibility, and, under the influence of those feelings which the

circumstances of the moment had awakened in his heart, he promised to fulfil the request, considering his acquiescence with it, as an act of humanity to a dying friend, which it was his duty to perform.—A few hours only were necessary to obtain the licence for a private marriage, and while I have been relating the story, the business has been completed. The noble Lord will now take an affectionate leave of his bride, in the certain expectation of never seeing her again; and he will be no sooner gone, than she will take leave of her bed, and all the farce of a sick and dying chamber, which has been most artfully, and, as it turned out, most successfully employed, to enjoy a title and a coronet during the rest of her days.”

“ This, I think,” said the Count, smiling, “ can be considered in no other light than that of a resurrection; and, therefore, concludes all this morning’s scenes of death with dramatic propriety.” “ It will,

will, therefore," observed the Devil upon Two Sticks, "form a very proper conclusion to our present excursion.—In the evening I will renew the pleasing office of your intellectual conductor."

As he uttered these words, the Demon transported Don Cleofas with the usual expedition to his hotel, where he immediately left him to the indulgence of his solitary reflections.

C H A P. XIX.

D R E A M S.

DON CLEOFAS had whiled away the afternoon in eating his dinner and musing over his coffee,—and the evening in thrumming on his guittar, and slumbering on his sofa.—It was indeed already midnight, and the Devil upon Two Sticks had not yet made his appearance ;—so that the Count began to think of passing the night on a soft feather-bed, instead of balconies or the roofs of houses.—It was however his good fortune to be summoned soon after to the latter situation, by the appearance of his diabolic friend.

“ I expect,” said the Démon, on entering the room, “ to find your Lordship under the impulse of a little impatience at my
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my having left you so long to the society of your own lucubrations."

"By no means," answered the Count; "for you have been so kind as to furnish them with subjects which might give an interesting employment to a much more extended portion of solitude than the few hours you have been absent from me.—I will however acknowledge, that I began to doubt whether your various occupations would suffer you to favour me with your company to-night;—and had already looked towards some pleasant dreams, as I hoped, for the amusement of it."

"Nor shall you be disappointed," replied the Demon, "but it shall be at the expence of other people's slumbers.—We will pass the time, till day-light, if you please, in company with the dreamers of this great town,—and I will undertake to unfold the fancy that agitates or delights them.

“ This will be,” answered the Count, “ a most curious-source of entertainment; and some very singular histories will, I doubt not, proceed from it.”

“ Just the same,” replied the Demon, “ which you have seen in the waking hours of mankind :—The same scenes of pleasure and of pain,—of success and disappointment, will appear in dreams as in real life, with no other difference than is to be found between nature and caricature,—between comedy and pantomime.

“ But still, I presume,” said Don Cleofas, “ all is not fabulous which has been reported and believed concerning the prognostics of these nocturnal visions.”

“ As for that,” answered Asmodeus, “ I shall only observe to you, that they are very dangerous guides,—and I would not recommend you to trust them.—They may be said, with great propriety,

to be nothing more than arrant liars, who sometimes, accidentally, tell the truth;—and though they have possessed an influence they by no means deserved, in the ages of darkness, ignorance, and superstition,—in the present enlightened period, unless among the weak and enthusiastic, who will be found at all periods, and to the end of the world, the visions of the night have lost their power over the reason of the day.—It is now, however, time for us,” added the Demon, “to proceed on our career;”—and the Count expressing his ready acquiescence, they sallied forth from the hotel, and were very soon commodiously situated to take a commanding view of the particular objects of their nocturnal expeditions.

“Look,” continued the Demon, “into that elegant little chamber in the upper story of the house immediately opposite to us;—you will there see a beautiful young lady, who is not yet asleep, pre-

paring herself for all the pains or delights of visionary love, which dreams, so often, afford to youthful fancies."

"If it did not break in upon the system of the night," said Don Cleofas, "I should be glad to have my curiosity gratified, by some little history of those studies, which are so interesting as to keep her from her repose."

"You shall be instantly satisfied," answered Asmodeus; "the history is affecting, and, which is more,—it is true;—besides, we have time enough, and the further we advance into the night, the more pleasing our discoveries will prove; as, according to a favourite poet of old,—who was a dreamer also in his time,—it is towards the morning, when the fumes of alimentary food are evaporated, that dreams become more agreeable, and less romantic."

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“As for Ovid,” replied Don Cleofas, “for he, I presume, is the poet whose sentiments are honoured with your allusion, we will leave him and his poetry for the immediate occupation of an object, for whose sake, were I one of his divinities, I should have no objection whatever to be metamorphosed into the book she holds in her hand.”

“Without further delay, then,” said Asmodeus, “I shall inform you, that the envied volume contains the following history; which, being written in an epistolary form, as given by a person perfectly acquainted with it, to a lady whose curiosity was engaged to be minutely satisfied on the subject,—I shall relate it in the very manner and words in which it is written.”

THE EFFECTS OF SENSIBILITY,

IN A

LETTER TO A LADY.

A TRUE STORY.

“MADAM,

“I RECEIVED the honour of your letter some days ago; and the state of my mind, which your humanity will readily conceive, as I trust your goodness will excuse, has prevented me from paying an immediate attention to it, and a more ready obedience to the commands with which it honours me.

“No one is, I believe,—nay, no one can be so well qualified as myself to give the history of the gentleman, the circumstances of whose life are become so natural an object of your humane curiosity;—as I was a witness of every action, and the confidant, I may presume, of every thought
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of it, till our last separation.—Since that time, I must give my relation from the account of others, whose authority is, as you well know, of the most unquestionable nature.—I shall proceed, therefore, without any further observation, or any unnecessary apology, to the little interesting history which I have your commands to communicate to you.

“ Mr. M——— was a native of Dublin, and the natural son of a gentleman of very considerable fortune in the kingdom of Ireland,—who lived with the mother of his child, in every respect as if she had been his wife, —and educated the boy as the declared heir of his estate.—It so happened that my mother was his nurse, and he taking a natural affection for his foster-brother, I was, on that account, sent to school with him, and partook of all the advantages of his education,—was treated in every respect like himself, and never quitted him till his last retreat,—for so,

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surely,

surely, I may be permitted to call it, into the North of England.

“ As it would be not only tedious but superfluous, as to the principal object of this letter, to relate the events of his boyish days, though many of them would prepare you for those of his succeeding years;—I shall only observe, that he was most deservedly the darling of his parents, —and pass on to that period when it was thought proper to give the last finish to his education, by dismissing him to the tour of Europe.—As he loved me with the affection of a brother, I was, at his earnest solicitation, appointed to accompany him.

“ He was not quite nineteen years of age when he left Ireland, and the period allotted for his return, was a short time before he should be of age.—We stayed three or four months in England, in order to visit some particular parts of it;—from
thence

thence we proceeded to Paris, and continued our route through Switzerland, &c. to Italy.—Nor will it be doing Mr. M—— more than justice, by declaring, that he had hitherto conducted himself with the most consummate prudence, and was the admiration of all who saw him.—In the common progress of our tour we arrived at ———, a place from whence he may date all the misfortunes of his life.

“ A young lady, of a noble family in that city, being to take the veil, our curiosity led us to be present at such an interesting ceremony;—and my friend became instantly, and so deeply enamoured of one of the religious females who assisted on the occasion, that he returned home in a state of the most pensive depression.—Every endeavour was used, on my part, to dissipate his uneasiness, but in vain.—Indeed this strange and unexpected passion increased with so much rapidity, and
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to such a degree of violence, that it totally changed his exterior appearance, and I suffered no common alarms at the apparent effects it had on his health.—To check his feelings, by reasoning upon the matter, would have been a fruitless exertion of my duty,—and to have convinced him, if it had been in my power, that it was not within the compass of possibility to obtain the object of his wishes, would only have hastened that despair which seemed already to threaten him.

“ I thought it very extraordinary that he should have been so violently affected by an object whom he had beheld but once,—and in the croud of a public solemnity, where he could not have seen her but in the formalities of devotion,—nor have heard her voice, but as it aided the choral music:—Nor did I know, for some time, that he had even conversed with her, when her tongue had completed the magic of her eyes.—But on this particular occasion,

sion, he for once deceived me ;—for he had contrived to see the lady at the grate of her convent, and, in a packet of sweet-meats which he presented to her, had enclosed an ardent declaration of his passion, and an offer to risk his life in snatching her from the surrounding walls, and to unite himself to her for ever.

“ At this time, I must observe, that Mr. M—— was every thing that a woman of sensibility could wish for in man.—Nor can I wonder, when I recollect what he then was, that she could be so easily persuaded to listen to his extravagant propositions.—This communication between them had continued for near a month without my having been made privy to the business. —He sometimes went out alone,—but it was always in such an open and undisguised manner, that I could not suspect he had any, especially such a difficult and dangerous, project in contemplation.

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“ At length, however, he thought proper to inform me of his proceedings;—and, as we were one evening taking the air in his coach, after enlarging a great deal, and in a very affecting manner, on the force of his passion, he proceeded to acquaint me with the success it had met with, and the promises he had made.—He then, in an altered, and very determined tone of voice, declared the resolution he had taken to risk every thing in fulfilling his engagements.

“ I was in reality so astonished and confounded at this declaration, as to be rendered wholly incapable of giving him an immediate answer;—and before I could recover myself, to enter upon the duty of remonstrance, he said, in a manner the most affecting that can be conceived,—
‘ We were nourished at the same breast,
‘ —our wishes, our desires, and our
‘ tempers have hitherto been the same;—
‘ and our mutual happiness has thus far
‘ been

‘ been our mutual care ;—by these, and
‘ by a brother’s love,’ added he, throw-
ing his arms about my neck, ‘ I conjure
‘ you to aid me in attaining this great
‘ object of my heart,—without which, in
‘ the prime of his days, the life of your
‘ friend will be cut short by despair.’—
When he was a little recovered from the
violence of his grief, he informed me
of his design to carry off the lady, who
was of a noble family, from her monastic
prison, either by force or stratagem, and
to marry her the moment she was re-
moved to a place of security.

“ To represent to him the danger of
the undertaking, was to tell him of a
shadow ;—and to have expressed my ho-
nest feelings without reserve, would have
been to separate myself from him.—At
one time I thought of going to the British
Minister, to consult him upon the busi-
ness ;—at another, I was determined to
amuse him with hopes, and deceive him
into

into protracting the business, till I could make his father acquainted with it.—I had it in contemplation also to convey a secret intelligence of what was going forward to the abbess of the convent.—I had even determined to oppose myself to the prosecution of this strange project, and boldly stand between my friend and the folly of undertaking the vain and hazardous enterprize, which he so fondly meditated.—In short, there was no practicable scheme of opposition which I did not at times, adopt,—and they all ended in my promising to engage in his design;—to assist him in carrying off his prize, or to share his fate.

“ Without entering into the particular reasons which might or might not, in your opinion, justify my conduct,—I shall proceed, Madam, to inform you, that I was now admitted to attend my friend to the grate of the convent, where I saw the
the

the loveliest woman my eyes had ever beheld. To all the schemes, however, which were continually urged by us, she made such unsurmountable objections, that I began to believe, and in my cool moments to hope, that the whole would end in a fruitless attempt and certain disappointment.—One day, however, I found Marguerita,—for that was the lady's name,—waiting at the grate with unusual impatience:—‘Have courage,’ said she, as soon as I approached her, ‘and ere another sun is set, we shall be far from danger.—I have won,’ continued she, hastily, ‘certain faithful persons to my interest, who have undertaken to facilitate my escape, and to partake of it:—You must, therefore, be under the garden wall at half an hour after midnight, with every thing necessary for the flight of us all.’ She then left me, without waiting for a reply, and I returned to communicate these joyful tidings to my friend.

“No

“ No time, as may be naturally supposed, was lost in making preparations; and, at the appointed hour, we arrived at our destination, with a couple of servants well armed, and the necessary apparatus for a speedy journey. We had, indeed, scarce taken our station, when a letter was thrown over the wall and fell at my feet :—I had already opened it, and was endeavouring to examine its contents by the light of the moon, when one of the servants came in great haste to inform us, that he had observed two persons, completely armed, who were waiting, at a small distance from the place where we stood.—I had scarce time to fold up the paper and put it in my pocket, when the enemy appeared; and, after a few previous questions, which were haughtily proposed, and as haughtily answered, a very spirited combat ensued, in which we were victorious, and left our opponents, to all appearance, in the last struggles of departing life.—The groans of the dying persons,

sions, which we apprehended must soon alarm the convent, determined us to retire.

“ On our return home, Mr. M—— instantly fell senseless on the floor, which filled me with apprehensions that he had been dangerously wounded in the conflict. But on stripping and examining him, not the least hurt of any kind could be discovered.—It was the severe wound of disappointment that had occasioned his fainting, from which he was with much difficulty recovered. When, however, his senses returned, a flood of tears forced their way, and he became shortly afterwards sufficiently composed to converse on our distressful situation, and to consider in what mode he could renew the design which had been so cruelly frustrated.

“ I now recollected the letter which had been thrown to us, and opening it, I read as follows:—‘ Leave this place, and
‘ speed

‘ speed instantly to Vienna; I will there
‘ write to you under the title of the Count
‘ de Saint Auban.—Believe me, I am re-
‘ solved to be your’s or to perish in the
‘ attempt.’—The billet was not in the
hand-writing of Marguerita,—but that
circumstance did not lead us to doubt,
for a moment, of its having been written
by her command.

“ Mr. M——, therefore, set out the
following day for Vienna, and I remained
for a short time after him, as well to avoid
suspicion, as to learn the consequences of
our rencontre. Nothing, however, trans-
pired,—so that in a few days I set out
also for Germany, and arrived at our des-
tination almost as soon as my friend,—
who had travelled very slowly, both from
languor of body and sorrow of heart.

“ The first week after our arrival passed
away, from the novelty of the place, in
some degree of comparative satisfaction;
the

the second, however, was very unpleasant indeed, and the third almost intolerable; and Mr. M——— had determined, if he did not receive a letter from Italy when the month was elapsed, to satisfy his impatience by returning thither without any further delay.—The long and anxiously expected epistle, however, arrived just in time to save us such a mortifying journey.—It was big with expressions of the most faithful affection, and gave the delightful hopes that we might soon behold the lovely writer of it.—This circumstance gave us new life, and three succeeding weeks brought the same encouraging assurances.

“ My friend was now rendered capable of some recreation and enjoyment, and we frequently mingled in the pleasures and societies of the place where we resided. But nothing happened of particular occurrence, or at least of consequence enough to justify its insertion in this letter,

ter, till one afternoon, as we were walking upon the ramparts, we observed a young man, of genteel appearance, and a most pleasing countenance, who had fallen asleep beneath a tree, with a written paper unfolded in his hand.—While we were contemplating him, he awoke, and immediately arose in much apparent confusion; which, however, was immediately dissipated when we assured him, that the liberty we had taken was not accompanied with any curiosity that he could disapprove,—and that our eyes had never glanced towards the contents of the paper, in the perusal of which, we presumed, he had sunk into that slumber which had been innocently interrupted by us.—He immediately embraced us both,—desired our acquaintance in the most obliging manner, and insisted upon its commencing by doing him the favour to sup with him that very evening.—We accordingly accepted his invitation, and found him to be possessed of every pleasing and elegant accom-

accomplishment, which distinguishes the man of birth and education.

“ Our new friend was the Count Che-
neberg, of a great family in Saxony, and
was now on his travels by the command
of his father.—The next day we saw him
again, and such an intimacy took place
between us that we were seldom separate,
—though an event happened which had
well nigh occasioned a very fatal interrup-
tion to it.

“ About ten days after our first ac-
quaintance, I had been at the post, and
found a letter from Italy, which I delivered
to Mr. M—— in his presence, who
read it with emotions of rapture, while
the other turned pale as he cast his eyes
towards it.—‘ I have,’ said he, sighing,
‘ expected such a letter as that from Italy,
‘ for some time past, but have not been so
‘ fortunate as to receive it.’——‘ This,’
replied Mr. M——, ‘ came from that
VOL. VI. D ‘ quar-

‘ quarter; and I wish you had just such
‘ an one.’ ‘ Does it indeed!’ said the
Count. ‘ Yes it does,’ answered the
other;— ‘ there it is,—read it, and par-
‘ take the happiness of your friend.’—No
sooner had he seen the characters that
composed it, than, lifting up his eyes to
Heaven, and uttering some horrid and
passionate expressions on the perfidy of
women, he returned the letter, and, with a
few broken apologies, left the room.—We
were much surprised at his conduct, but
the hope of soon beholding Marguerita
turned our thoughts and reflections from
every other object.

“ The following morning the Count
came to us, while we were at breakfast;—
his looks were those of a man who had
suffered the most severe anxiety,—and they
told the truth. After a short apology for
the abruptness of his departure the pre-
ceding night, he informed us that he was
inviolably attached to a lady, in a convent
at

at ———; and that, in attempting to carry her off, he had been attacked by some of her relations, by whom he was wounded and left senseless on the spot;—but recovering soon after,—as the immediate loss of blood was the only material inconvenience he suffered,—he heard a voice command him to go immediately to Vienna, where he should receive instructions concerning his future conduct.—‘Now Sir,’ added he, addressing himself to Mr. M——, ‘the letter which you received last night, was written by the hand of one who has penned as tender declarations of love and constancy to me, as she has done to you, and if her name should be Celestina’——‘Stop your threats,’ replied my friend, who now began to recover from the trouble which the Count’s discourse had occasioned,—‘stop your threats,’ said he, ‘as they are very unpleasant for a man of spirit to hear,—and oftentimes awaken a spirit of resentment which bars all

‘ proof that they are not deserved :—Be at
‘ rest, her name is Marguerita ;—I am
‘ not your rival,—and the singularity of
‘ our fates should confirm our friendship.
‘ My affections are rivetted with a force
‘ equal to your’s, and I was prevented like
‘ you, from possessing, at this moment,
‘ the object of them ; but my arm was
‘ more fortunate than your’s,—and for
‘ ever prevented my opponent from
‘ again interrupting the happiness of
‘ lovers.’ ‘ Alas, alas!’ said the Count,
embracing him, ‘ I now know that voice
‘ again,—and we have only to join in
‘ cursing our unpropitious stars. It was
‘ I myself who felt the force of that arm
‘ which now embraces me, and had we
‘ then known each other, we should now
‘ have been most happy.’

“ Without attempting to describe the
scene which this eclarcissement produ-
ced, I shall pass on to a future day of no
great distance, when a billet arrived from
the

the same person who had written all the letters in question, desiring us to fly immediately to the hotel where she was just arrived.

“Wings would not have been swift enough to have carried us thither; we arrived breathless, and the moment Mr. M—— entered the chamber to which we had been conducted, he found himself, as he thought, in the arms of Marguerita. At this moment, the Count, who had followed us, entered the room also, and saw my friend half dead in the arms of Celestina.—‘This is perfidy,’ said he, drawing his sword, ‘which merits instant punishment,—and shall find it.’—I fortunately seized his arm, or they would both have become the immediate victims of his mistaken rage.

“By this time Mr. M—— had started back from Celestina, and she from him,—and the confusion of us all was not

easily to be described, till Marguerita, presenting herself from a cabinet, without the least expectation of meeting us, ran forward to dissipate it.—In a short time, therefore, all was perfect satisfaction, and I had the pleasure of seeing an end to suspense and danger, in the long wished for meeting of these ardent lovers.

“ The evening was passed in relating all the difficulties which had attended the escape of these lovely fugitives, and were the cause of that jealousy which had disturbed us before their arrival.—The letter which I have already mentioned to have been thrown from the wall, was intended for the Count, as were all the succeeding ones that arrived from the same quarter at Vienna; but it may be easily imagined, that in such a similarity of circumstances, the sentiments they contained were equally applicable to both parties.

“ The two nuns having been faithful to their appointments, had met in the same
place

place for the same purpose ; and though frustrated in their design, they were, fortunately, neither discovered, nor even suspected.—A similitude of situation naturally brought on a mutual confidence, and that was soon exerted in contriving some new method of making their escape.

“ Celestina had no doubt that her lover was at Vienna, and Marguerita flattered herself with the certain hope that she should find her's when she was at liberty to make enquiries after him.—Celestina being a relation to the Lady Abbess, and in her confidence, was thereby enabled to execute her design without difficulty : Marguerita was the companion of her flight, and all their trouble and alarms were soon recompensed, by finding the mutual objects of them.

“ The fair runaways being in need of rest, we returned to our lodgings ; and, in the morning, while we were waiting to receive a summons from them, Marguerita

came alone in a carriage, and desiring us to get into it, she expressed a wish that the coachman might be ordered to take us one of our usual airings.—Her commands were instantly obeyed,—and being arrived at some small distance from the suburbs of the town, she addressed herself to Mr. M—— in a very collected and determined manner, to the following effect:—

‘ I have now given you every proof of
‘ affection in my power:—I have left
‘ my family,—my country,—nay, my reputation itself for your sake;—from the
‘ same motives, I have risked my life;—
‘ nor do I mean to harbour a doubt of
‘ your fidelity or your honour;—every
‘ engagement you have made to me I am
‘ certain you are ready to fulfil; but there
‘ yet remains something due to myself;—
‘ and though I had formed a determination, relative to my conduct, between
‘ the time I should see you again and that
‘ of

‘ of our final union, it has now been more
‘ duly deliberated, and the circumstances
‘ of it, in some degree, changed, from
‘ the situation of my friend,—the com-
‘ panion of my flight.—The Count,’ con-
‘ tinued she, ‘ returned immediately after
‘ you had all left us, and offered such
‘ propositions to Celestina, as made me
‘ tremble, and her desperate.—In short,
‘ he declared, that he could not openly
‘ marry her without his father’s consent,
‘ and he was certain that could never be
‘ obtained.—He, therefore, proposed a
‘ secret marriage,—or a disdain of public
‘ opinion in living with him, unrestrained
‘ by nuptial ties.—She reproached him
‘ bitterly, and her reproaches went to his
‘ heart.—He loves her,—but should he
‘ marry her publicly without his father’s
‘ approbation, his ruin is inevitable ; and
‘ he is, at this moment, in the cruel sus-
‘ pense of sacrificing his fortune or his
‘ love.—He was, I suppose, fully per-
‘ suaded, when Celestina had left her con-

‘ vent, that, from the strength of her affection, she would be weak enough to abandon herself at once to his pleasure; but neither she nor myself broke through our secular engagements, with any other view than to an honourable establishment,—in which our conduct would prove, to those who might become acquainted with our history,—that it was not from a wanton, foolish disposition that we bid adieu to a conventual life,—but the love of liberty, associated to the hopes of attaining a solid and rational happiness.—Be assured Mr. M——,’ added she, ‘ I do not harbour the most distant suspicion of you; but I am resolved to act myself, as I have advised my friend:—I mean to obtain the consent of your parents before I marry you; nor will I set my foot in the dominions of Great-Britain, till I receive an invitation from them, as their intended daughter. You will, therefore, continue your travels, and I will either pre-

‘ cede

‘cede or follow you throughout the course
‘of them,—so as never to be at that distance
‘from you which may give you
‘pain, and never to be so continually with
‘you, as to give the world any just reason
‘to determine unfavourably of me. When
‘you shall be called home, I will fix my
‘abode on the coast of France, where I
‘shall be equally impatient with yourself
‘to receive that command from your father,
‘which will instantly authorise me to
‘give my hand, where I have most irrevocably
‘given my heart.’

‘These,’ continued she, ‘are my fixed
‘determinations, which no human power
‘can induce me to change;—and if you
‘should once attempt to exert your great
‘power over me, in order to turn me
‘from them, you shall see me no more.—
‘I have secured a little treasure, which
‘will be sufficient to give me an humble
‘support in any part of the world;—but
‘I would even return to the convent I

‘ have quitted, with all the added rigours
‘ of it,—rather than hear a repetition of
‘ those propositions which I should con-
‘ sider as attempts to betray me,—how
‘ dear soever the betrayer might be.—I
‘ now ask no protesting reply from you;
‘ —your future conduct can alone answer
‘ me.—While we stay here you will see
‘ us every day;—and when it becomes ne-
‘ cessary for you to leave this place, I
‘ will depart, a short time before you, to
‘ some appointed place upon your route,
‘ where we may meet again.—At present
‘ we will return to my disconsolate friend,
‘ whom you will do well to comfort,—
‘ and also to influence the Count, who is
‘ very much attached to you, to think of
‘ proposing nothing that may wound her
‘ honour;—but either to obtain, by some
‘ means or other, the consent of his fa-
‘ ther to a legitimate union with Celestina,
‘ or to leave her till that object can be
‘ fully completed.’

“ On

“ On concluding this address to Mr. M——, she burst into tears, which were accompanied by his,—and, I hope, not dishonoured by mine.—After a short silence, which had an equal share of admiration and disappointment on the part of my friend,—a kind of broken conversation took place, which continued till we arrived at the hotel, where we found the Count and Celestina in a situation that called forth all our pity.

“ We remained there till midnight, contriving various schemes for promoting the happiness of this unfortunate pair.—He did not, however, think it in the scope of possibility to obtain his father’s consent to a legitimate union with Celestina;—and she, with a pride that became her, refused to bear a doubtful name, tho’ sanctioned by a private marriage.—It was therefore, at length resolved, that she should remain the companion of Marguerita,—that an epistolary correspondence
should

should be maintained between her and her lover,—and that they must be contented to wait with patience, till a kinder fortune should smile upon them.

“ In a short time after Marguerita left Vienna for Berlin,—whither we followed her in about a week ;—and, notwithstanding the object which was before us, our departure from that city was greatly embittered by our separation from the Count, whose numerous accomplishments, and endearing behaviour, had rivetted, even during so short an acquaintance, our sincerest affection.—From Berlin we passed on to Hamburgh, where we were most agreeably surprized by the arrival of the Count, who, having received an account of his father’s death, as he was leaving Vienna,—did not hesitate a moment to take our route, till he had joined us at the former place, — where we saw him united to his lovely Celestina.—They remained with us but a few days, and left us with mutual promises

promises of regard and remembrance.—The Count would gladly have prolonged his stay with us,—but it was necessary that he should return home to take possession of the wealth and honours of his family.

“ We did not remain long after our friends,—but continued our journey thro’ Holland and the Austrian Low Countries, till we arrived at Bruges, where it was determined Marguerita should remain in an English convent, to learn what she imagined was to be the future language of her life,—and to wait the summons to Ireland, which was to make her the happiest of women.

“ It will be needless to prolong my narrative with a detail of circumstances, which have no peculiar interest to recommend them;—I shall therefore pass at once to our arrival in Ireland.—We now, indeed, draw nigh to that critical period which was to give sun-shine or shade to the
the

the future life of my friend, and such a situation afflicted me with the most poignant apprehensions. — I was aware from the beginning, of some of the bad effects, at least, which have since happened;—at the same time I was fully convinced, that if I opposed the design, however dangerous or inconsiderate, he would fall a victim to despair.—To preserve him, therefore, was my first object,—and I submitted the rest to the will of Heaven;—nor at this moment does my conscience reproach me.

On our arrival at Dublin, the old gentleman's delight was beyond description:—Indeed, nothing could exceed the appearance of his son,—nor did his talents and qualifications belie his exterior figure and deportment.—His mother was with difficulty recovered from the ecstacy of embracing her charming boy, as she tenderly called him,—who was now returned, in every respect equal to the fondest hopes of maternal affection.

" As the period now approached when Mr. M—— would be of age, we all went to the family seat at some distance from Dublin, to celebrate it with great festivity.—No expence was spared to give joy to all who were present,—and the festive design had its due effect, I believe, upon every heart but that of my friend and myself.—He had doubts which beclouded his happiness, and I had fears which did not suffer me to enjoy a moment's repose.

" At length, the hurry of rejoicing being over,—Mr. M—— made known to his mother his situation and engagement with Marguerita, together with all the circumstances of it, and the resolutions which he had formed respecting it,—pressing her in the most earnest manner to communicate the whole to his father.—That amiable woman used every argument which her authority and her tenderness could employ, to turn his thoughts from

from the purposed connexion, but to no purpose; — she then sent for me,—and, after hearing my sentiments on the business, she determined to make the old gentleman acquainted with it,—and to exert all her influence in procuring the happiness of her son, though she had every reason to believe it would be in vain; —and she advised me to prepare my friend for an immediate and absolute refusal from his father.

“ This lady possessed a very excellent understanding, and well knew that a speedy determination, whatever it might prove, would at all events be the best;—she therefore took the first opportunity to inform the elder Mr. M—— of every circumstance relative to his son’s passion for Marguerita, and the engagements which had taken place between them.

“ He heard her with frequent changes of countenance;—and, when she had told her

her story, desired immediately to see my friend,—from whom he received a repetition of it:—On his silent dismissal I was ordered to attend, and give my account of the business;—when I was questioned very particularly respecting the character, qualifications, and family of poor Marguerita.—Having done justice to her and to truth,—the old gentleman, without making a single observation, wished me a good night, with his usual civility, and quitted the room.—The next morning, at a very early hour, he set out for Dublin, and left a written order, that we should remain in the country till we received notice to follow him.

“ After a week of sad suspense, we received the expected summons.—On our arrival at his house in Dublin, he bid us follow him into his library;—and, after many affecting observations, on filial duty, paternal regard, and domestic obligation, he continued his discourse to his son in
the

the following manner:—‘ You cannot be
‘ a stranger to the many enemies I have
‘ made among my relations, and the con-
‘ tinual ill-usage I have received from
‘ them, on account of my tenderness for
‘ you,—which was so great as to deter-
‘ mine me to make you my heir in prefer-
‘ ence to prior claims. Since your absence
‘ from me, however, a proposal has been
‘ made, by some of my best friends, to
‘ unite every part of my family to me,
‘ without opposing the designs I had
‘ formed in your favour:—This was no
‘ less than to marry you to the daughter
‘ of my nearest relation;—a young lady
‘ formed to gain the admiration of all who
‘ see her, and the love of all who know
‘ her;—whose heart and hand you must
‘ have considered as a supreme happiness
‘ to possess,—if your reason had not been
‘ so strangely perverted by the fatal pre-
‘ possession which has undone you.—I
‘ entered most gladly into this arrange-
‘ ment, which seemed to promise so much
‘ happiness

happiness to us all,—and which had already flattered me with the hopes that my latter days would glide on in peace : —Nay, to confirm our domestic honour and felicity,—I had resolved to lead your mother to the altar,—and to suffer her no longer to bear a dubious name.—However, not to do any thing in this important business with a precipitancy which might favour of passion rather than judgment,—I have consulted those who could and would advise me best in the present position of our domestic circumstances ;—and I have found the sentiments of my friends to be unanimous against indulging you in the marriage you propose, with a lady of a foreign country,—speaking only a foreign language, and professing a different religion ;—and who ventured to break the most solemn engagements of a sacred profession to follow you.—I think all mankind will be with me in my determination

‘ mination not to yield to it.—Indeed I
‘ might be justly considered as wantonly
‘ forfeiting my understanding, as well as
‘ my honour, by such a consent:—I am
‘ therefore seriously and solemnly to ask
‘ you,—and as such a business as this had
‘ better be complete at once, I shall not
‘ repeat the question,—whether you will
‘ banish from your heart a passion which
‘ dishonours you, or become an alien to
‘ your father’s affections and society, for
‘ ever?’

After a very violent conflict in himself, that almost deprived him of the power of utterance,—my poor, agitated friend declared that,—not his heart alone, but his honour, was most deeply concerned in maintaining, to the utmost of his power, the engagements he had made;—that he had formed them in the face of Heaven,—and that no power on earth should induce him to recede from them.

‘ Think,

‘ Think, young man,’ said his father, with tears in his eyes, ‘ what you are doing:—I will yet give you time to reflect, and save yourself from ruin.’

‘ Sir,’ replied my friend, ‘ it appears to me, that this will be the last opportunity I shall ever possess of performing an act of personal duty to you;—I will therefore dignify it by the honest sincerity with which I declare, that my life, if it were necessary for your happiness, should be most readily sacrificed to you;—but what you now require, is not in my power to give.—Though I should never call Marguerita mine, I never will become the husband of another, if even an empire itself were to be her marriage-portion.’

‘ Then, Sir,’ replied the old man, begone;—and see my face no more.’

Mr.

Mr. M—— left the room in an agony he could scarce sustain;—and, as I was about to follow him, the old gentleman desired me to call upon him the following morning,—when he received me with calm civility;—and, after reproaching me, but not either with rudeness or violence of expression, for having omitted to inform him of our proceedings in Italy, he said, that as he had educated us like gentlemen, he should not send us away without some provision;—he therefore gave me two bonds of annuity, the one of two hundred pounds a year to his son, and the other of half that sum for myself;—‘and,’ added he, ‘as ready money may be necessary to
‘you both,—there is a draft of five hundred pounds on my banker;—and I
‘would advise you to shape your course
‘in some honourable way, but without
‘even thinking any further of me.—My
‘resolutions are fixed,—and I shall know
‘neither of you any more.—This event,’
continued

continued he, ‘ seems to be the work of
‘ Heaven, to turn my thoughts to my le-
‘ gitimate relations, instead of sacrificing
‘ them, as I have so long done, to an
‘ idle, illegitimate passion.’—I thanked
him in the most respectful manner for all
his favours, and took my leave.

We were now arrived at that crisis to
which my apprehensions had been so long
directed :—but this was not all ;—my poor
friend was to undergo another shock, in
the loss of his mother.—She had long
been in a very declining state of health,
and seemed only to want this blow to get
rid of all her cares at once in the grave.—
She concluded her dying address to her son
with telling him, that he must cherish no
hopes of the least return of his father's
affection, but by a total disavowal of his
present resolutions :—‘ I shall not pretend
‘ to advise you,’ said she, ‘ in a matter
‘ wherein you must be the judge for your-
VOL. VI. E ‘ self.

‘ self.—Heaven, my dear boy, has, perhaps, ordered these things for the best:—My last counsels however are, to submit to the divine will, and to preserve your integrity in spite of every trial and temptation. I have nothing more to wish you,’ continued she, ‘ but my patience,—nor to give you, but my blessing.’—Then raising herself to embrace him, her strength failed her,—and, sinking down upon her pillow, she closed her eyes for ever.—She bequeathed whatever she possessed to her son, which might have been very considerable, if she had ever supposed the possibility of the event which had shortened her days;—but, as it happened, all her effects amounted to little more than a thousand pounds.

“ The letters which Mr. M—— had written to Flanders, previous to this period, were calculated to quiet Marguerita’s doubts on the prolonged delay
of

of his returning to her;—but it now became absolutely necessary to inform her of every circumstance that had happened, without reserve, and I undertook the unpleasant task. I accordingly wrote an exact state of my friend's situation, with an offer, on his part, to be united to her, and to retire to any part of the world she might chuse, — where they might find those riches in mutual love and affection which fortune had denied them.

“ A considerable time elapsed before an answer arrived from Marguerita ;—who, after expressing the deepest affliction at having been the cause of my friend's ruin, ‘ there remained,’ ‘ she said, ‘ but one ‘ step to be taken on her part, which she ‘ had already done,’ and referred him to the enclosed letters for an explanation of her conduct.

To Mr. M——, *the Elder.*

BRUGES,

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE received a letter from the friend of your son, informing me of the late event which has so much distressed your family and yourself.—I fear that I have been the fatal cause of it, and my distress is beyond what I can express.—But, light and trifling as my character may appear to you,—I can command my inclinations to submit to my duty.—Let your fears, I pray you, with respect to me, be at an end:—I have undergone every fatigue, and run every risk, with a view to make the best of men happy.—Far from supposing that I should be an intruder upon any family, I had expected to receive a most honourable welcome into your's.—To dissipate at once the domestic troubles which I, alas, have innocently

cently occasioned,—I offer myself a willing victim,—and am resolved to forego what I have risked my life to obtain,—the honour and happiness of being united to your son.—Be at ease then;—let your fears of me rest for ever,—and take back your offspring to your affections.—It is true, I have broken one engagement,—and a solemn one it was;—but to repair that infidelity, I declare, by all that is dear to me here, and by all my hopes of hereafter, that I will never give my hand but where Heaven has given my heart; and that an union with your son, who irrevocably possesses it, shall continue to be opposed by me, if you do not command it,—if you, yourself, do not wish to possess a daughter in

MARGUERITA."

" *To* MARGUERITA.

DUBLIN.

" MADAM,

" I DISCARDED Mr. M—— from me, for his disobedience to the tenderest and best of fathers; and they who know me, will justify my assuming such a title.—I had formed a domestic plan, which was to have made me amends for all my past sorrows, and have given comfort to the closing years of my life; the happiness and honour of that unfortunate young man, whom I once called my son, were to be the foundation of it,—and he has boldly refused to take his share in it.—I have, therefore, thrown him from me,—and his offence, Madam, is much encreased, in my opinion, by his having deceived so excellent a person as you appear to be.

" Though it will never be your lot to call me father, your generosity of sentiment

ment entitles you to that of friend; and I give you a right to command my best services. If, by chance, you should not have provided against the present disappointment, you have only to make known your wants to me, and I shall be most happy to supply them to the utmost, now and at all times. I shall wait your commands, and am;

“ Your most faithful humble servant,

“ A. M——.”

“ My poor friend's history now approaches to a conclusion.—As he was fully convinced that it would be impossible to bend Marguerita to his wishes,—and, under the impressions of such a conviction, not being able to endure solitude, he determined to visit England, and see what chance would offer him there.

“ We had not been long in London, when, one morning at breakfast, I read an

advertisement in a newspaper, wherein the person offering his services, proposed himself in such a variety of characters, as to become a matter not only of our conversation but curiosity.—In short, I proposed, by way of any thing that could amuse my melancholy friend, to go in search of this extraordinary person, who possessed universal qualifications, and was so satisfied with them, as to venture on announcing them to the world.

“ After some enquiry, we discovered it to be one of those advertisements which are inserted in the public papers by people who think their wit and their money well employed in this kind of imposition. The printer told us that several persons had sent to him in consequence of it,—and among the rest, shewed us a note, wherein it was stated, that a gentleman residing in the North of England, wanted an house-steward, and if the advertising person possessed only a part of the qualifications he professed,

fed, with the necessary certificates of character, he would seriously find a very comfortable situation;—but that, as the family were going out of town, in a very few days, the application must be immediate, according to the address there given.

“ We now continued our walk to Kensington Gardens, where Mr. M—— became unusually thoughtful and silent; and, after some time, he surprised me, by the communication of his design to present himself as the advertising person to the North country family, who had made enquiries after him.—He observed that the quiet of a country life,—the novelty of the scene,—the business of his employment, and the impossibility of being discovered, might, perhaps, in some degree, tend to dissipate his chagrin; and that, from such a retirement, he could emerge, at once, and without the least suspicion, if fortune should ever deign to smile upon him.

“ The project surprised and affected me;—but as I was in a state of continual apprehension of some fatal event, from his growing despondency, I did not oppose a design, which would at least delay, if it did not finally prevent the crisis on which I had reason to think he had some time meditated.

“ He, accordingly, presented himself the following morning, to a Baronet of most respectable character, and large fortune, whose maiden sister had, it seems, sent the enquiry out of a whimsical curiosity of her own. There was, however, a story prepared for the occasion, which succeeded; and Sir W. B—— waited upon me that very afternoon, as the person referred to for the truth of it.—In short, the plan succeeded beyond my expectation,—and he was so impatient to enter upon the final execution of it, that he immediately consigned every thing of value to my care, with a power of At-

torney to receive his annuity;—and having, in a very short conversation, arranged the business of our future correspondence, we embraced with tears, and I never saw him again.

“ The rest of this unhappy gentleman’s history must, therefore, be related by me, as I have received it from Sir W—— B———’s sister; and the words of whose letter I shall beg leave to employ for that purpose.

**** “ From the very beginning of his entering in Sir W——’s service, he gave the most complete satisfaction.—The particular duties of his employment he discharged with equal correctness, diligence and integrity:—But he did not stop there;—no office in the family was rejected by him, when he was not particularly engaged in his own.—He has been known very frequently to run to the stable and saddle the horses when the groom was

out of the way; nor is there a menial servant in the house, who has not been continually indebted to him, in the same manner, and for equal assistance.

“ He was a very good mechanic,—and several little machines and contrivances made by him, for the service of the house and gardens, entitle him to that character. But his genius appeared to be particularly directed towards gardening, and the ornamental disposition of grounds.—Indeed it has appeared, since the death of Jenkins, for that was the name he had adopted, that the great credit Sir William’s head gardener had acquired in the country, for skill and taste in his profession, was entirely owing to the advice and assistance of his fellow-servant. In short, he was the leading, but secret spring of all order and propriety in the family; and every servant in it seems to be going wrong,—to use their own phrase,—for want of Mr. Jenkins.

“ His

“ His master, Sir W——, had silently observed his conduct with much approbation and esteem; nor was it long before he was convinced, in his own mind, that he was a gentleman, and of no ordinary rank and education.—Such an idea was very painful, as may be supposed, to a man of his master’s character; at the same time, Sir William was very much perplexed concerning the manner in which he ought to conduct himself on the occasion.—To deliver his opinion to Jenkins himself, would be, he thought, to break in entirely upon the designs of his present situation; which, as there could be no reason to suppose they were bad ones, would, at all events, have been improper, and perhaps distressing:—He, therefore, resolved, by degrees, and without communicating his design to any one, to try if he could not obtain his confidence. He accordingly took an opportunity to tell him how highly satisfied he was with his service,—made him a present of fifty pounds,—

pounds,—raised his wages very considerably, and assured him that he was his friend, and should be glad of an opportunity to realise his good dispositions towards him.

“Sir W——— out-stepped the usual formality of his character on the occasion. Poor Jenkins saw it, and received this exertion of his master’s kindness with tears in his eyes, but without saying a word;—perhaps he was not able to do it.

“Soon afterwards he was told that he need not wait at table, which he had always done when there was company. He seemed much affected at the communication of this indulgence, but did not avail himself of it; and took his post, as usual, behind the chair of his master; who, supposing he had not been understood, mentioned it to him again. He then replied, ‘that he rather felt it an honour than a disgrace, to keep his public station;—but,’ added he, ‘even if it were, in any degree,

‘ degree, unpleasant to me, I should still,
‘ Sir, beg your permission to continue it,
‘ as such a change might, perhaps, alter
‘ my situation in the opinion of the ser-
‘ vants, which would be very unpleasant
‘ and irksome to me.’ Sir William then
told him he might do as he pleased; and,
from that time, made no attempt towards
unravelling the mystery, but determined
to leave it to itself.

“ The butler says, that the sermons he
used to read in the servant’s-hall, on a
Sunday evening, were manuscripts, and
the finest he ever heard in his life;—but on
examining his bureau, not a trace of any
paper writing could be found.—He had
also carefully destroyed all his letters;—
one seal alone in black wax was found,—
the impresson of which was a cypher, but
could not be made out.—His little library
consisted of a Thomas à Kempis, a small
London Dispensatory, Euclid’s Elements,
a Treatise on Mensuration, a Volume of
Archi-

Architecture, Sanadon's Horace, an Irish edition of Tristram Shandy, Pope's edition of Shakspeare, a Milton's Paradise Lost, Thomson's Seasons, a Treatise on Botany, Rousseau's Heloise, and Addison's Cato, with several Dictionaries. In a large pocket-book were also found bank-notes to the amount of five hundred and eighty pounds; and his trunk contained a large quantity of linen apparel of every kind.

“He was found dead in an arm-chair, the ball having passed through his head, and the pistol fallen on the floor; another ready charged was placed on the table beside him.—It is very extraordinary that not a person in the house heard the report, though the unhappy man did not take any precautions on the occasion,—for the house maid found the door of his chamber wide open; and the deed was done at noon-day. He had received a letter a very few days before his death, but he was not observed to have been affected by it.—It was the
last

last day of the month, when he was used to bring his accounts to be settled by his master. This he had done with his usual accuracy and attention, when he immediately retired to his chamber, and put an end to his life. He is regretted, as he was beloved, by all the family, with an unfeigned sincerity, but by none more than the master of it. * * * *

“ As for my own part, I seldom heard from him, during the nine years he lived in this situation, but when he enclosed a letter for Marguerita; and I very seldom wrote to him, but when I had some tidings of her.—I had been at three different periods in Ireland, to learn if there was any prospect of a change in his father’s disposition, but I could never make any discovery that afforded me the least hopes of such a desirable event.

“ In all the letters, however, which he did write to me, he never failed to mention
his

his most respectful sentiments of the family with whom he resided; and has often expressed his regret that fortune had ever raised him to an higher station than that which he possessed.—In the last letter my poor unfortunate friend wrote to me, and wherein his despondency seemed to be greatly encreased, he assured me that he should not have lived so long, but in gratitude to every part of the excellent family whom he served.—This sentiment might still have preserved him, had not Marguerita, worn out, perhaps, with sorrow and disappointment, given some hints of an intention to retake the veil.

“ As you have commanded me also to relate every circumstance relating to these unfortunate lovers, and having closed the fatal scene of my friend’s life, I shall now proceed to inform you of the subsequent conduct and allotment of the wretched Marguerita.

“ By

“ By her particular desire, I made a visit to her at Bruges, and found her as complete a mistress of the English language, as if she had never been instructed in any other;—though it will serve now, as she pathetically observed, for no other purpose but that of lamenting the fate of the tenderest of men, in the language of his country. Her form was much faded, but retained a melancholy dignity, more awful and interesting than the brightest flush of beauty.

“ Why, or wherefore, I cannot tell; but she appeared, by her questions, to suspect the sad end of her faithful lover.— I was, however, steady to the tale which I had framed to deceive her, thinking it much better for her to believe that he died even of a broken heart than by the fatal suggestions of his despair. She insisted upon my accepting every thing that Mr. M—— had left her, except a watch, to which was hung a picture of his mother,
and

and two portraits of himself, painted at different periods of his life, and which are very striking resemblances of the original, together with his travelling library, which consisted of the best English authors, fitted into a trunk.—These remembrances, she said, should be the chief companions, as they would be the principal comforts of her life.

“ Indeed all her conversations upon this subject,—and, as may be naturally expected, it was the only one that engaged us,—were so noble and affecting,—so replete with sentiment and edification, that, during the course of them, my cheeks were continually wet with the tears of pity and admiration.—The rest of her history will be best told by the following letters, which, as you have expressed a desire to have the most entire communication on the subject, are given you at large, and will be much more satisfactory than any abridgment I could make of them, in which their
superior

uperior spirit and sentiment would necessarily evaporate. The first is to myself, and is as follows :—

“ To Mr. F———.

BRUGES.

“ My lot, in this life, seems, at length, to be determined :—Heaven points out a road to me which I shall readily take; and you, I doubt not, will approve of it. The messenger has been some time returned from Italy, with an account that my brother thinks me dead, and does not seem to wish me otherwise.—I am, therefore, determined to accept the tender and affecting invitation of my dear and more prosperous friend, the Countess of Cheneberg, to pass the rest of my days with her,—and from whom I daily expect a confidential person to escort me to her.—In one of her letters she mentioned a pleasant visit she had made to a monastery, in the neighbourhood of her castle ;—and
who

who knows but I, by Heaven's mercy, may there find a pillow whereon to lay my weary head.

“ I enclose a letter for Dublin:—A duplicate will follow by the next mail.—I have taken this precaution, as it is a very earnest wish of my heart, that it may reach its destination. The writing it, as you may well suppose, cost me many a pang, and he to whom it is addressed, will often find his aged eyes dim with tears as he reads it.—I shall leave this place I hope in a few days, and pass on to Dresden, where I shall find my friends, to conduct me to their Château. If you are resolved to remain in England I shall see you no more: but my wishes and prayers will be very frequent for your lasting happiness.—I shall write to you from time to time; and I hope you will shew the same kindness to me.—The bosom friend of him whose image is ever before me, cannot but be dear to

MARGUERITA.”

The Letter enclosed to Mr. M——.

“ THERE was a time, Sir, when I had flattered myself with the hopes of addressing you in a more interesting character; and from a much nearer degree of relation than can now subsist between us:—But, alas, these hopes are gone to the tomb, where your son lies;—they are mingled with his clay,—they are mouldered with his dust.—I once expected to have called you father,—and had prepared myself to perform the affectionate duties which a parent claims from his child;—but that expectation has also withered away.—The decrees of Heaven are the offspring of wisdom, and I submit to them with due resignation,—journeying onward through the rest of my life, forgetting and forgotten,—with my heart in the grave of my lover, and my eye fixed on Heaven, where I hope ere long to meet him.

“ I wish

“ I wish much to have been spared the pain of all these bitter-recollections, which make the tears fall from my cheeks upon the paper, and deface the imperfect letters which my trembling hand is at a loss to form.—Alas! the scene of happiness that was once before me! and what a sable curtain has been drawn across it!—To be bereft of hope here;—to see no ray of light but what is beyond the gulph, and even that, sometimes rendered, by the weakness of human nature, and the clouds of human distress, of a dubious appearance,—is a condition which would force a sigh from the most obdurate heart,—and, I doubt not, will receive that proof of compassion from your’s.

“ But I must correct myself;—for the language of complaint will seem to you to be the language of reproach; and I have no right, even were I so disposed, to employ it. I shall therefore struggle to get from such an appearance,—to thank you, Sir, for those
kind

kind offers which you have thought proper to transmit to me, and which have occasioned this letter.—I not only thank you for them, but acknowledge myself to have received great consolation from your proffered friendship, as it was accompanied with a peculiarity of attention, and bestowed in that tender manner, which tells me you regret that I am not your daughter.—Indeed, indeed, I can say, without boasting, I deserved that tender name.—My affection for your son would have been scarcely more than I should have had for his father.—Even in the article of my religion, if it had found the shadow of an objection, I had brought myself to be submissive;—believing, as I do, that the great Being who governs the world, when he casts his eye over the inhabitants of it, beholds only the good and the evil; and receives the sacrifices of the pious heart, in the temples of every religion, and from every corner of the earth.

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kind

kind offers which you have thought proper to transmit to me, and which have occasioned this letter.—I not only thank you for them, but acknowledge myself to have received great consolation from your professed friendship, as it was accompanied with a peculiarity of attention, and bestowed in that tender manner, which tells me you regret that I am not your daughter.—Indeed, indeed, I can say, without boasting, I deserved that tender name.—My affection for your son would have been scarcely more than I should have had for his father.—Even in the article of my religion, if it had found the shadow of an objection, I had brought myself to be submissive;—believing, as I do, that the great Being who governs the world, when he casts his eye over the inhabitants of it, beholds only the good and the evil; and receives the sacrifices of the pious heart, in the temples of every religion, and from every corner of the earth.

“ But I am sinking once more into those sentiments which are too affecting for me to write, and cannot be pleasing to you to read :—I shall therefore again thank you for your kind offers of service ; and, to convince you I do not refuse your friendship from any motives of pride or resentment, I shall beg leave to acquaint you with some part of my history, of which it is not possible that you can have received any information.

“ I had the misfortune to lose my father when I was in my cradle :—Heaven, however, in its mercy, had given me a mother, whose care and affection prevented me from feeling the want of another parent ;—but before I had attained my sixteenth year, Heaven withdrew its mercy in taking her also from me.—The day before that on which she expired, my dying parent called me to her bedside, and having told me she was near her end, with her blessing she gave me a paper, and charged me

me to preserve it with the greatest care.—
' That is,' said she, ' an inventory of
' jewels and other effects, to a very confi-
' derable value, which I have deposited in
' the hands of a person whose integrity I
' have often proved, for your use;—an-
' nexed to the inventory you will find his
' acknowledgment of being the guardian
' of them.—I have made this deposit, my
' child,' continued she, ' because I well
' know it is your brother's design, from
' very interested motives on his part, to
' propose your taking the veil.—Situ-
' as he is, you will not be able to oppose
' his pleasure but by flying to another
' kingdom, where what I have given you
' will be sufficient to support you in ease
' and comfort. My tender affection has
' suggested this plan for your happiness;
' and I obeyed the impulse, leaving you
' to your own discretion as to the manner
' in which you may avail yourself of it.—
' I have only to command you never to
' disgrace the name you bear; — to let
F 2 ' your

‘ your conscience be your guide ;—and to
‘ remember, with tenderness, your affec-
‘ tionate mother.’—These sentiments and
awful lessons she continued to repeat to
the last moment ;—when calling, with all
the energy of expiring nature, upon Hea-
ven to bless me, she sunk into the arms of
death.

“ My brother soon confirmed my mo-
ther’s dying declaration ;— and so well did
he pursue his measures, that I could not
avoid taking the veil :—But when my lips
uttered that vow which was to separate me
from the world, my heart protested against
it, and I resolved to watch for any oppor-
tunity of making my escape ; and, as you
know, Sir, I fulfilled that resolution.—
My secret fortune was in the hands of a
faithful friend, from whom I have re-
ceived it ;—the greater part has been con-
verted into money, and placed in the
bank of Vienna, where it produces an in-
come far superior to my wants ;—the rest,
consisting

consisting of some valuable jewels, I have kept in my possession, for fear of the worst; and they will now serve as a small tribute of my gratitude to those friends, beneath whose roof I am to find an hospitable shelter during the short remains of my life.

“ You are now, I hope, Sir, convinced, that it would be superfluous in me to receive your offers of friendship; — for which, however, I most sincerely thank you again and again.—After all, my heart does not reproach me;—and the manner in which I have conducted myself, since my escape from the convent, will bear witness that I did not leave it from motives disgraceful to me.—It was a step I had always determined to take:—It was not, therefore, a very difficult task for your all-accomplished son, who might have relaxed the firmest vows, to loose such feeble ones as mine.—However, in executing such a design, which is by some thought

F 3

unchaste

unchaste even in the contemplation, I was resolved not to bring any real disgrace upon myself, or involve the object of my affections in any family distress. I determined, therefore, to act in such a manner, previous to our union, as to induce his friends to believe me worthy of it, and I had not the least doubt but I should be received by them with joy and welcome.

“ But when I was made acquainted with the real state of Mr. M——’s situation, and your fixed resolutions concerning him, I sent you a written promise, which I flattered myself would have reconciled him to you ;—and this promise I never broke, though we had the means of living comfortably and honourably together without your assistance.—I now, indeed, repent me of my fidelity to that engagement ;—as I little thought you would have suffered him to be a miserable wanderer,—and to die at last of a broken heart.—I made the greatest sacrifice in my power,

power,—and, though the victim was accepted, the condition of the offering was not fulfilled.—I submitted to a rigid, inflexible duty, and am bowed down beneath it.

“After all;—to prove that I do not hesitate to be obliged by you,—I request the favour, and I shall consider it as the greatest you can bestow upon me, to transfer your designs of kindness to me, to your poor son’s faithful and unparalleled friend Mr. F——. I have set you an example, in giving him what your son bequeathed to me.—He passed the prime of his years in being his companion and his counsellor,—his nurse and his friend:—For his sake he neglected those means of securing to himself that support which his abilities and industry would have obtained in any part of the globe.—I will bear record to a fidelity and honour in him, of which, I fear, there are few examples.—Cherish him, I beseech you;—let him not languish with-

out an honourable protection:—To preserve such a man from penury is not sufficient;—he should flourish in comfort and independence. — I ask it of you;—the shade of your son speaks by me;—and an acquiescence with this demand will sooth us both.—It is the only request I have made to you, and it will be the last.

“ I bid you, Sir, farewell!—My enfeebled hand and exhausted spirits command me to it.—If I could have supposed it possible that I should ever write to you again, this letter would not have been strained out to its present length;—but, as that will not be,—do not be offended, I beseech you, that I linger on a subject so dear to me.

“ Once more I bid you adieu!—My wishes have been so unsuccessful for myself, that I know not how to offer them to you;—but my prayers, which, I trust, have sometimes been heard, shall remember

ber you;—and Heaven will not reject them because they proceed from a broken heart.

One half of me is no more:—Yet a little while, and the expecting grave shall have the rest of its prey.—Speed on your wing, reluctant time,—and hasten the hour which shall for ever close the eyes of

“MARGUERITA.”

From the Count ——— to Mr. F——.

Cheneberg-Castle.

“My dear Friend,

“THE subject of this letter will, I believe, very much affect you; the enclosed paper, which is addressed to you, contains the last farewell of our dear Marguerita.

“Soon after her arrival at this place, though she was always tranquil, and some-
F 5 times

times chearful, she now and then gave tokens of a wandering mind that very much alarmed us.—This, however, happened but seldom, and, in such a manner, as not to be visible to any but ourselves.—Indeed she had consented to accompany us to Dresden, during the winter, where we hoped that society, amusements and time, might unite in restoring this charming woman to happiness and herself.—But matters soon took a very unfavourable turn with her, from a casual circumstance which could not be foreseen. This was the arrival of an old servant of Mr. M——'s, who being a native of this country, and having saved a sufficient sum of money to maintain him comfortably during the rest of his days, had retired from the service of his master in Ireland, in order to pass his old age, where he had passed his youth, and to die where he was born. Mr. M——took this opportunity of sending an enquiring message to Marguerita, and to accompany it with a small chrystal heart, enriched

enriched with diamonds, which enclosed a small lock of the hair of his dear and lamented son.

“ This event, as you will suppose, did not fail to have an evident effect upon her.—But my apprehensions were beyond all bounds, when I understood that the old servant, in his frequent conversations with her, had ignorantly informed her of every particular that aggravated the fatal catastrophe which had hitherto been so carefully concealed from her.—Nothing, however, of that violence and disorder which I expected, arose on this unfortunate intelligence.—Not a tear was seen on her cheek in consequence of it; on the contrary, it produced at once a grave, decisive and irrevocable determination to enter into a convent of nuns, at about half a day’s journey from hence, whose order is remarkable for the austerity of its discipline. We soon found that any opposition to this final plan of her life would

be in vain ; and we, therefore, submitted to it with reluctant sorrow. The motives to this resolution you will find very strongly urged in the enclosed letter, addressed to yourself.

“ She has rewarded the servant with a liberality which we do not think his intelligence deserved. Our poor friend’s watch and pictures she has desired may be transmitted to you ; and her diamonds she has presented to the Countess. The larger share of her money she has given to the convent ; and, after having ordered another part of it to be distributed in pious uses, she has bequeathed, for I must call it so, the residue to yourself.

“ She reserved nothing but the chrystal heart, which she fastened to a small cord, with her own hands, and suspending it from her neck, declared it should accompany her to the grave.

" We attended her a few days ago to the convent, where she immediately entered upon the novitiate, and we embraced her for the last time ; as she desired, on no account whatever, to let her see us, or indeed, hear from us any more.

" This affecting business has greatly disarranged us. Our usual tranquillity, however, begins, at length, to dawn upon us ; and we trust and pray that this admirable, but luckless woman, may find a consolation in the austere duties of religion, which she could not be made to believe that the society of the world and the attentions of friendship would afford her.

" We shall, of course, have the pleasure of hearing from you, &c. &c.

COUNT CHENEBERG."

The

The last Letter of MARGUERITA.

To Mr. F——.

“ You deceived me, and I thank you for the deception ; it was suggested by humanity ;—but I am now instructed that Mr. M——— died by his own hand.—I, alas, am the chief cause of this horrid act,—and Heaven has made it known to me, that my future sufferings might expiate his offence and my own.

“ When you receive this letter I shall be enduring every rigour that religion will allow me to suffer ;—I shall already be an inhabitant of that cloister, whose hollow arches resound with the groans of dissatisfied repentance.—I have left some remembrances which will be grateful to you,—though such a faithful heart as your’s, wants no aid to enliven the feelings of virtue.—I received the account of your
com-

comforts with the sincerest satisfaction.—Tell my father, for I shall, for once, call him mine, that I thank him for it,—and that I bend me down with gratitude for the last paternal gift he made me, and which has proved my salvation.—It has accompanied me to that cell which now encloses me.—It will there add bitterness to my tears,—force to my groans, and sharpness to the stripe.—If the virtues and sufferings of our poor friend's life are not sufficient to atone for the last act of it, I trust that the rigours to which I devote myself for his sake, will, in time, satisfy divine justice. It is that hope which animates my zeal,—will lead me to the midnight orisons, and direct the scourge, which ere your eyes shall meet this paper, will have been often wet with my blood.

“ May every happiness and comfort accompany you through the remaining part of your life :—My last prayers in this world will be for those who have loved him

him and me :—But when the gates, which are now full in my view, are once closed upon me, I shall see them no more;—they will be no more to me,—a trembling victim to appease the wrath of Heaven.—As to the world, I shall soon be no more :—I am, as it were, already on the threshold of death. You may soon consider me as an inhabitant of the grave,—as the food of worms.

“ Accept then, my last adieu.—When you receive this letter,—as far as relates to human intercourse,—nought will remain of

MARGUERITA.”

“ Thus, Madam, I have obeyed your commands, and brought this affecting little history to its conclusion, in the best manner in my power.—Indeed, when I consider the sufferings of persons of such superior excellence to myself, I know
not

not how to be satisfied with the comforts I enjoy,—and which promise to be continued to me to the end of my days.

“I have the honour of being, &c.

H. F——.”

“And now,” said Don Cleofas, “the fair student shuts her book, and resigns herself to her pillow, to dream of climbing convent walls, I warrant you.” “If,” replied Asmodeus, “she were to dream that she run away with her father’s footman, it would be more suitable to her waking thoughts,—for such an escape she has long meditated, and will shortly make.—But we will now, if you please, proceed to the next house, and examine what is passing there.

“The gentleman whom you see sleeping so comfortably in that crimson bed, is
a mem-

a member of parliament, of some talents and eloquence, who has long been known for the independence of his spirit, and a rooted enmity to ministers.—He now dreams that he has just received a certain number of bank-notes from the Treasury to be silent on a certain parliamentary question,—and a promise of the first vacant place that may suit him, as the price of his opposition:—While the young man in the room above him, who is his son, is tossing about in his bed, from having lost, in reality, at a gaming-house, what the imaginary emoluments of his father's dream would scarcely be able to satisfy.

“ In the very next house, the worthy man, who, as you may perceive, has such a complaisant smile on his countenance, would be the happiest of human beings, if his dream were to last as long as he lives. He is a vain, avaricious, mean character, who not having strength of mind to do great things, or courage to do bold things,
in

in order to get money,—and having too much pride to live in retirement to save it, has always been employed in contriving some little intermediate arrangements to keep his coffers in a respectable state of replenishment. The marrying a rich wife has been a leading principle in his politics; and he has, already, been so successful as to bury one and marry a second, both of whom were even rich enough to satisfy his immediate wishes.

“ He, at this moment, dreams that he has buried the second, and is on the point of marrying a third, whose fortune is equal to the united portions of her predecessors, and who, withal, is afflicted with a secret disorder, that will take her also very shortly to her grave. What a pity it is, you will say, that so much happiness should be of so short duration:—for, instead of awaking to new wives and new fortunes, he will find upon his breakfast table, when he arises, two little bills on account of his lady ;

lady; the one from an apothecary of a few guineas, for medicines to her *femme de chambre*, and the other of five hundred pounds, for millinery and other little personal decorations for herself.

“ In the adjoining room, the lady herself is not, at present, in so contented a state of repose;—for she actually thinks that her Lord is in a situation of real distress, from an uncontrollable spirit of generosity,—and that she is making him an offer of all her jewels, to relieve him from the mortifying dilemma in which the goodness of his heart has involved him.”

“ Knowing what I know,” said Don Cleofas, “ it would be a curious and entertaining circumstance to make a third at the breakfast of these agreeable people;—but, in the mean time, do, I beg of you, inform me concerning the person in a bed with purple hangings, and a large book on a stand beside it, who appears to be laughing

laughing and clapping his hands with uncommon vehemence." "He is a bishop," answered the Demon, who dreams that he is, in a state of disguise, in the two shilling gallery of one of the playhouses, and engaged in applauding a favourite actress."

"Here is something," replied Don Cleofas, "rather ridiculous in the idea,—and yet I cannot, somehow or other, help fancying that this dream may be one of those which tell the truth. The priesthood of all countries, I believe, find themselves disposed to share in the pleasures of the laity, and I do not see why they should be proscribed them. This very bishop, perhaps, may be only repeating in his sleep, what he has done, fifty times, without his cassock, when he was awake."

"All that may be very true," answered Asmodeus; "but I cannot spare time to enter into the truth or error of all your suggestions. My present province is to
unfold

unfold to you the fancies that play on the human brain during the night, without aiding your wicked wit, whenever it shall be so disposed to apply them, to the realities of the day.—I must, therefore, beg leave to conduct your attention to a lady in a pink satin bed, lined with a light green, whose *femme de chambre*, in a long night-gown, is occasionally supplying her with the invigorating spirits of a smelling-bottle. She is an unmarried woman of fashion, who, on awaking from a very frightful dream, has rung down her woman to come and sit by her, till her alarms have subsided.—She dreamed, as she tells her servant,—that while she was walking in a wood in the country, she was most rudely attacked by a recruiting-serjeant, who was preparing to take liberties with her she could not name,—when she awoke in a state of palpitation she knew not how to describe. While the gaping attendant, who was called by this confounded dream from a comfortable sleep,

sleep, is secretly wishing that instead of a dream of a wood in the country, something similar had happened in reality in the chamber in town,—that she might have passed the night without any disturbance from her lady's bell."

"All this," said Don Cleofas, "contains nothing out of the common order of things. It is as natural for an old maid to dream of being rudely treated by a young man in her sleep, as it would be unnatural for it to happen when she is awake.—These nocturnal visions of the fancy naturally proceed from the common occurrences of life; but does it not sometimes happen that the sleeping thoughts, if we may call dreams by that name, assume a form so totally opposite to any possible circumstances of human actions, as not to be reconcileable to any idea of connecting these fancies of our sleep, with any possible events of our waking life?"

"It

“It is not my business,” answered the Demon,—“nor, to tell you the truth,—my immediate inclination, to lecture you on any doubtful points of philosophy, or to accompany you in any of the various ways which ingenious men have pursued in the science of intellectual anatomy. — Nor have I, believe me, brought you to the parapet of this house to attempt fixing the precise points of analogy between the dreams of the night, and the actions of the day,—but to present them all for your amusement and instruction in the various shapes and forms in which I actually discover them.— But as I perceive you are gaping for something out of the way of common life, however allusive it may be to the too common transactions of it,—I shall introduce to your notice an highly decorated chamber, where all the opiates of wealth cannot command a calm and untroubled repose.—The man who sleeps in that splendid bed, has been a governor in the East Indies, from whence he
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is returned to Europe one of the richest men that had ever been employed in the Asiatic service of his country:—Though actually possessed of a clear revenue of forty thousand pounds a year,—he is at this moment suffering all the pains of the sharpest hunger. — His dream is something like the torments which the poets have invented for the punishment of Tantalus:—For he now thinks that he is in an extreme want of food, and walking through large fields of rice, all his own,—not a grain of which he can pluck from the stem, but turns instantly to stone on the touch of his finger.

“ The next house belongs to a duke, who has a most beautiful and amiable duchess, and they live together in all the comfort and decorum of domestic life. His Grace never thinks, or even looks at any woman but his wife;—while she, wholly employed in attending to his happiness,—maintaining her own honour,—and watch-

ing over the education of her children,—cannot even be persuaded to engage in the common amusements of the world,—and has such an aversion to play, of every kind, that a pack of cards is never seen in her house:—Nevertheless, such is the capricious playfulness of our sleeping fancies, that the Duke now actually dreams of keeping a married woman in his house, as a mistress, who is countenanced by the Duchess;—while the latter thinks, in her sleep, that she has contracted a very large debt at play, which she is not able to satisfy from her own purse;—and that, in order to make up the sum, she is actually borrowing a small heap of guineas of the wife of one of her own tradesmen.

“ At no great distance lives a lawyer of the first eminence, who fills, with superior ability, one of the first offices in the state;—and if the subject of his present thoughts could be made known to others, as it will be to you,—there would be fine
employ-

employment for the critical observers, and sarcastic snarlers of this great city.—The subject of his present dream is as follows:—In his sleep, for sleep is very expeditious in its transformations,—he thinks that he no longer presides in an European court of justice;—and that he is not only the judge, but the governor of a considerable city in some other part of the world,—and violently enamoured of a beautiful young lady, the wife of a general officer, who is employed in the distant service of his country.—The resistance of this virtuous woman serving only to inflame his passions,—and despairing of success from the gentler modes of amorous persuasion,—he determines to have recourse to more decisive methods,—and to employ the severest operations of terror.—He accordingly contrives that letters, purposely forged, and importing a treasonable correspondence,—should be dropped in her apartments;—and, on the pretended discovery of them, he commands the officers of jus-

tice to bring her before him ;—and, in a secret conversation, informs her of the terms on which she may be restored to instant liberty.

“ On her treating the proposition with disdain, he orders her to the confinement of a dungeon,—from which she is made to understand, that no release is to be obtained, but by submitting to gratify the wishes of the judge.—Her chastity, however, still proving superior to her fears,—she is informed that sentence of death is passed upon her, and that she must prepare to be burned alive,—or submit herself to his pleasure, who only can do away the horrid sentence he has pronounced against her.—These terrors not being of sufficient force to relax her rigid virtue,—the enraged judge orders a burning cauldron to be prepared, in which she is to be thrown ;—and she is already brought forth to chuse the lust of his arms, or the tortures of the furnace.—Without hesitation

tion she prefers the latter,—and is resolved, at all events, to die as she lived, true to the husband she adored:—But, as she asks of Heaven to give her strength to pass the fiery trial, her husband arrives,—seizes the libidinous judge,—and orders his soldiers to cast him into the cauldron;—from whose flames he is preserved by awaking in a state of alarm and terror, which may give him a very just idea of the feelings of some of those unfortunate wretches whom it has been his duty to consign to the gallows.”

“ This self-same sleep,” said Don Cleofas, “ like death,—of which it is said to be the counterpart,—is a very unceremonious leveller of distinctions.”

“ It is, indeed,” answered Asmodeus; “ and that gentleman whom you see walking to and fro in his bed-chamber, and wrapped in a night-gown,—is, at this very moment, of the same opinion.—He has been

arrived a short time from Spain, where he resided for many years in different mercantile capacities;—and is at length returned to his own country with a comfortable fortune.—He has just dreamed that he was a footman, and in a dispute with his master about dirtying his livery, he escaped being knocked down, by awaking from the fright of such a disagreeable menace.—He immediately quit-
ted his bed,—and is walking about his room to cool his impatience, at being put in mind of certain circumstances of his former life, during the night, which he takes so much pains to forget throughout the day.”

“ But tell me, I beseech you,” exclaimed the Count, “ is that merry lady sleeping or waking, who laughs so loud that the bursts of her mirth reach us at this distance.—I hear her as distinctly almost as if I were in her chamber.”

“ Her

“ Her mirth,” answered the Demon, “ is the mirth of sleep; and I will tell you the cause of it:—The lady dreams that she has lost a considerable sum of money at the gaming-table;—and, in order to pay her debts of honour, she has procured a tradesman to exchange her real jewels for false ones, of the same figure and appearance, and to pay her the difference.—It is the shrewdness of the contrivance, and the complete joke of managing the business without the knowledge of her husband, that occasions the bursts of laughter which are the objects of your curiosity. ,

“ The lady in the next house is in a very different situation,—her sleep is a very weeping one,—and her pillow is, at this moment, wet with the tears of fancy.—She is occupied also about gaming-misfortunes;—and dreams that, having sent a diamond ring, in a hurry, to be pawned, in order to raise a supply for the moment,—it was unluckily taken to the

very jeweller from whose shop she had contrived to purloin it about a year before;—and whom she now thinks that she is bribing with a jewel of equal value, which she fairly purchased, to hush up the matter, and keep it a secret from the world.

“ But if you would look for real happiness, you may find it in the curtained comforts of that green bed, which is occupied by a page of the court:—He dreams that he attends the King, in the character of *aid-de-camp*, at a review,—and that his Majesty has done him the honour to borrow a pocket-handkerchief of him.

“ Nor is the woman in the parallel chamber of the adjoining house less satisfied with her situation.—She is a fashionable woman of the town, and one of the most artful seducers of her tribe:—who is now dreaming that she is metamorphosed into a cat, and amusing herself *bon vivant* with a mouse till she devours it.

“ But

“ But, speaking of transformations,” continued the Demon, “ you may see a widow lady, at no great distance, who is fallen asleep with Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* in her hand,—and is now actually dreaming that some or other of the heathen gods has descended from Olympus, to make love to her, in the shape of an officer of the horse-guards.

“ In the upper chamber of the next house,—which is let out into lodgings,—you may perceive a person dressing himself in a great hurry; and, as I can assure you, in a state of extreme mortification.—He is a poor clergyman, who enjoys the agreeable office of christening all the children,—visiting all the sick,—and burying all the dead,—in one of the largest parishes of this metropolis. —He has just been dreaming that he was promoted to one of the richest bishopricks of the English church;—and just as, in the joy and pride of his heart, he had determined never more

to christen a child, or bury a corpse, he was awakened by the maid-servant of the house, to be informed that a messenger waited to conduct him to baptize a new-born infant, which he will most assuredly christen to-day, and bury to-morrow.

“ Immediately under him is a gentleman, who would be, and most deservedly, an object of universal compassion, if his situation were to last beyond the vision of the night:—He employs his talents in writing for the news-papers;—and he is now dreaming that he has quitted life, and been condemned by the tribunal of the shades below, to be tormented by all the lying paragraphs he has ever written,—which are to be embodied in the shape of harpies, on purpose to form his punishment.

“ The person who sleeps on the same floor, was a very inoffensive officer of a marching regiment,—whose conduct was
so

so eminently distinguished on a particular occasion during the American war, that his brother officers united in recommending him to sell his commission. — This brave man has just been dreaming that he was a general officer;—and, as a reward for some military exploit, of great honour to himself, and advantage to his country, that he has received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; and been informed, by a message from the Secretary of State, of his Majesty's intentions to honour him with the first vacant ribbon of the Order of the Bath.

“ In the chamber immediately beneath the officer, sleeps a young man who will awake to the most cruel disappointment.— He has dissipated his fortune in the expensive pleasures of his age;—and has, for some time, lived upon the credit he could obtain from tradesmen, and the money he could borrow of friends. He now dreams that a distant relation in the East Indies,

whom he has never seen, has left him a very large fortune ; which, however, he is doomed, alas, to enjoy but a very short time ; for he will awake to be refused the loan of another guinea, by one of his most intimate acquaintance,—and to be threatened by his taylor with all the comforts of a prison.

“ The good woman who sleeps in the back-room, on the ground-floor, is the mistress of the house.—She is, at this moment, dreaming, that her lodgers have all paid her up to the present day, and that the young gentleman, whom I have just described, has made her a present of a silver coffee-pot.

“ The large house on the same side of the way, belongs to an old bachelor of large fortune, who has been daily attended by three physicians for these twelve months past,—for a very painful chronic disorder, which they knew to be incurable.—He

now

now fancies in his sleep that he has invited his three doctors to dine with him to-morrow,—and that he shall not be able, from those accidents which dreams sometimes produce, to provide a single dish for their entertainment. And a very disagreeable kind of fast, I can tell you, to-morrow will prove for these medical gentlemen;—for, very unfortunately for them, but very fortunately for himself, their patient will die this very night.

“Your Lordship must be already convinced,” continued the Demon, “even if you have never before reflected upon the subject, that dreams are no more than exaggerated pictures of waking life.—The happy, in their sleep, often fancy that they feel all the troubles which wait on extreme misfortune; while the wretched, in an equal proportion, lay down on their beds to forget their sorrows during the short, but restorative interval of peaceful slumbers.

“ As an example to illustrate the truth of this observation, you may see a person most comfortably sleeping in an upper chamber of the house, with two splendid lamps illuminating the door of it, whose great wealth, with all the *agrémens* of life which it can purchase, is not capable of procuring for him, in the course of a month, so much real satisfaction as is crowded into a short dream that now delights his fancy.

“ He is the son of a clergyman who ran away with the sister of a young man of large fortune, to whom he was a domestic tutor,—and after being discarded, with his wife, from the notice of her family, was left, during the rest of his life, to such comforts as can be produced by a living of about two hundred pounds a year.—His son, the object of our present attention, was qualified, by the education of a common country school, to be put out apprentice, at the usual age, to a
credible

credible shopkeeper, in a considerable market-town, at no great distance from the place of his father's residence. After he had passed the term of his apprenticeship with great credit to himself, and equal satisfaction to his master, his father being induced to pay a visit to London, in order to solicit some additional preferment of an old friend and school-fellow, who had been lately promoted to the see of Canterbury, he thought it would be a favourable opportunity to indulge his son with a sight of the metropolis, and accordingly made him the companion of his journey.

“ The young man having some commissions to execute for his late master, with several of his town correspondents, his manner of transacting business had such an effect upon one of them, who was a very eminent haberdasher of small wares, that he made him an offer of engaging him as a journeyman in his shop, at a
con-

considerable salary.—In the mean time, his father was daily knocking at his old friend the Archbishop's palace-gate, without being able to gain admittance; and when he did, at length, procure by his importunities, a short audience of the Most Reverend Prelate, it was only to be received with coolness, and be scarcely remembered by one whom greatness,—a very common thing in this world of your's,—had rendered ungrateful.

“ The good man, however, returned home with the paternal consolation, that though he had got nothing but contempt and mortification for himself,—a comfortable provision had providentially fallen to the lot of his son.

“ In this situation the young man continued for several years, in the confidence of his master; and at his death he married the daughter of a respectable tradesman in the neighbourhood, whose fortune, added

to his own savings, enabled him to become himself the master of the very shop in which he had been such an active and faithful servant.

“ There he passed several busy years of unremitting industry, and encreasing respect—had served all the principal offices of his parish with credit,—refused the offer of being elected into the common-council of London, and lived in all the happiness which easy circumstances, an encreasing trade, and a good name could afford him; when, by the death of his uncle, whom he had never seen, without children and without a will, he came into the immediate possession of an estate of five thousand pounds a-year,—and lost all his former comforts for ever.

“ Not having been accustomed to the amusements and society of the fashionable world, he finds mortification instead of pleasure in the company of his equals;—
his

his fine park and woods, in the country, are a desert in his eyes;—the tranquillity of rural scenes is misery to him, who has so long been accustomed to, and delighted with the hurry and rattle of Temple-Bar;—and, as his wife will not suffer him to live in the neighbourhood of his former situation, or to associate with his former acquaintance, the poor man cannot be said to enjoy a moment's real satisfaction, but in his sleep, which sometimes engages him in the occupations of his past life.

“ At this moment he is enjoying that happiness in the highest degree;—for he dreams that he is still engaged in the haberdashery of small wares, and that, in consequence of a general mourning, he is hastily measuring out gauze, crape, and black ribbon, to the numerous customers who throng his shop on that pressing occasion.—Unhappy man, who will so shortly awake from the luxury of handling
ling

ling a yard behind a counter, in Fleet-Street, to a fine hotel and a coach and fix in Portland-Place.—Such is the influence of habit and education.

“ In the next house, however, the offices of sleep are, by no means, of such a soothing and satisfactory nature. In the chamber, where you must perceive a lamp to be burning by the side of the bed, with a pack of cards and some dice upon the table, reposes, if feverish sleep may be called repose, one of those many heedless, unfortunate gentlemen, who having been cheated out of his fortune at the gaming-table, is now employing his experience to regain it, by the very same artifices thro’ which he lost it.

“ The life of such a man I need not explain to you; but there is a circumstance of prudence in the conduct of this gamester, which I shall not pass by without observation. While he wins, he never
quits

quits the table, if any one remains to lose,—but he never allows himself to lose more than a certain stated sum at a sitting, and when that is exhausted, he leaves the party and returns home. Having been so unlucky as to get rid of the allotted quota at an early part of the night, he is now in bed at a very unusual hour, where he dreams that he has been throwing dice with death, on a tomb-stone, for his life; and that the scare-crow having won the cast, is about to consign him to an adjoining charnel-house.

“ The man in a chamber of the adjoining house, with a piano-forte by the side of his bed,”——“ If it were possible,” interrupted the Count, “ I should suppose that your worship’s sagacity had, for once, escaped you; for from the delicate furniture of the room, the festoons of ribbon, and the wreaths of artificial flowers, which I see scattered about it, with the superior elegance of the toilette, it has, in my mind,
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the most decided appearance of a feminine apartment."

"As for the real sex," replied the Demon, "of the amiable owner of it, I will not dispute the matter with you;—for it belongs to one of those neutral beings with which Italy furnishes the operas of the rest of Europe, as well as its own.—He or she, or call it what you will, is a very celebrated and favourite singer of the English Italian Theatre, and now actually dreams that he has a pregnant wife and six children, and no means of maintaining them but from the pittance of a salary which he receives as the clerk of a methodist meeting.

"However, to remove your attention at once to an object of whose sex there can be no doubt, the tent-bed in an upper chamber, a little to the left of us, contains the virgin charms of a Maid of Honour,
who,

who, at this moment, dreams that she is married to the Prince of Wales, and is preparing to appear at the Queen's drawing-room, where she is to be received as the consort of the Heir Apparent of the British Empire.

“ In the room beneath her is an old gentleman, and a near relation of the young lady, whose whole life has been spent in the pleasures,—or which, as he has managed the business, might be more properly called the trade of the turf.—He is just awoke, in a state of violent agitation, from a very alarming dream, in which he thought that a favourite brood mare had dropped a foal by an ass, instead of a foal by Eclipse.

“ The next house but one,” continued the Demon, “ belongs to a nobleman, every part of whose life has been characterized and disgraced by a brutal love of
women,

women, as well as a brutal treatment of the numberless unhappy creatures who have been prostituted to his libidinous appetites.—No situation has been too low for his grovelling amours,—no character too vulgar to be the object of them,—and no circumstance of innocence or distress sufficient to check their depravity or awaken his kindness.—He now sleeps in the chamber which you see is fitted up with blue and yellow furniture, and the dream which occupies his fancy is of a most singular, and to him, indeed, of a very distressing nature ;—for he absolutely thinks that he is turned into a mule, and about to be rode by his wife, from whom he has been some years separated, and driven on with whips round the beacon-course at Newmarket, by all the unhappy women whom he has debauched, deceived, or diseased.”

“ If this man’s waking hours,” said Don Cleofas, “ bear any proportion to the
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the article of misery, to his present slumbers, it would be an act of great mercy to take him at once to your infernal shades; and save him, at least, from any further torture of suspense,—with respect to his future allotment.”

“Though his mind,” replied Asmodeus, “is not totally callous, nor his courage so determined as to be wholly without remorse as to his past life, or without apprehension as to the final consequences of it,—yet there are certain opiates which great wealth and depraved passions can find the means of applying, that serve to deaden, or to avert, in a great degree, the alarms of closing life. —Such men, with all their enormities, may be said rather to die drunk, than in despair.

“The white house, a little further on, furnishes an example of no common agitation in the dreams of the mistress of it. She now fancies that she has incurred
so

so large a debt at play, that it will be impossible for her to discharge it, without applying once more to the generosity of her Lord; and, in the act of making the necessary application, she thinks that she perceives a pair of large antlers of solid gold, springing from his brows, which he readily consents she shall saw off, to relieve her from her immediate difficulties.

“ At the very next door lives a Judge, a man of very great talents, knowledge and integrity; the principal object of whose life is to fulfil the duties of his important office, with the most rigid and impartial justice. Happy are the people who have such wholesome laws as regulate the government of this country,—with such upright and wise magistrates to be the organs of them. This sage man is now dreaming that he is passing sentence of death on a prince of the blood, for the murder of a chimney-sweeper.

“ In the chamber where you may see a large table covered with books, and a writing-desk by the bed-side, sleeps a gentleman of great learning, and the most unremitting industry in literary and philosophical pursuits. He last night finished a work which had employed the labours of ten years; and he is, at this moment, dreaming that this volume, on which he rests not only for present honour, but posthumous fame, is thrown into the fire by an amiable woman, whom he has fortunately got for a wife,—under a pretence that as so much study will certainly destroy his health, she cannot shew her affection for him in a more convincing manner, than by destroying the incitements to it.”

“ I hope,” said the Count, “ that his dreams proves him to be a man of spirit; and that when she has thrown his papers into the fire, he throws her after them.”

“ By

"By no means," answered the Demon;
"for he very calmly tells her, in his dream, as he would have done had the circumstance happened when he was awake, that, like all people who act in such an unreflecting manner, she herself frustrates the very object she proposes; and immediately sets about arranging his plan to re-commence another ten years toil and labour."

"If this worthy man," said Don Cleofas, "is as cool and philosophic when he is awake, as he fancies himself while he is asleep, he must be the most delightful of all husbands to a termagant wife."

"You were never, my good friend, more mistaken in your life," answered Asmodeus; "for it is this cool, calm, and unresisting temper,—this patient endurance of ill-treatment, that irritates his irritable rib, more than the most angry, petulant, or contradictory conduct.—She

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herself

herself says, that he is the best creature in the world, and that if she could but, now and then, put him in a passion, she should not despair of being tolerably happy with him.

“The good lady herself is also employed in her sleep, according to the living tenor of her character.—She now dreams that she has placed, under her husband’s pillow, a peculiar sweet-scented herb, which, she thinks, when deposited in a warm place, for a short time, will become a scorpion; and she is now in a state of very sensible vexation, that the imaginary experiment does not succeed.”

“After all,” said the Count, “you must be obliged to own, that to save a man from wringing off such a wife’s neck, or tying a cord round his own, it is absolutely necessary to be a disciple of the most patient sect that religion or philosophy has ever established in the world.”

“This

“ This poor wife man’s lot is not the best,” answered the Demon; “ but, in the happiness of marriage, both parties would always do well to make patience a party in the indissoluble engagement.”

“ But surely,” observed Don Cleofas, “ the gentleman, in the room beyond that which contains the philosopher, must be dreaming that he is beneath the torrid zone;—for not a curtain of his bed is drawn, and the bed-cloaths are so entirely thrown from off him, that a statuary might make a study from his present unsheltered figure.”

“ Nevertheless,” answered Asmodeus, smiling, “ according to his immediate sensation, he is nothing less than warm:—He is a young man, whose fortune is pretty nearly exhausted;—nor, indeed, will the remainder of it be sufficient to discharge the demands of his creditors.—In this comfortable situation, he dreams that he is

an inhabitant of some country where there is a law that every person who is in debt, shall be seated, without small-cloaths, upon a cold stone in the public market-place;—and to remain there till his debts are paid;—and at this moment he thinks that he is actually submitting to such a singular punishment.

“ His neighbour, however, in the room below him, fancies himself to be even in a more disagreeable situation.—He is possessed of a considerable fortune, which he has not acquired in that kind of way to afford a man much comfort in reflecting upon it.—All his pleasure consists in the consciousness of being rich;—and all his fears are directed to that period when he must be separated from his riches for ever. His dream, therefore, as you will suppose, must be very comfortable, when I tell you, that he at this moment fancies himself obliged to prepare a tomb-stone for himself,—and that the mason is now actually

ally consulting with him upon the design and expence of it.

“ The lady who sleeps in the front chamber of the adjoining house, dreams that she is busily employed in writing anonymous letters, full of malice and mischief;—and, if it were not the mere fancied action of a dream, she would, I believe, feel herself fatigued,—as that amiable and instructive employment has occupied her benevolent mind through the whole of the preceding day.

“ If you will now,” continued the Demon, “ turn yourself a little to the left——”

“ Permit me, if you please,” interrupted the Count, “ before you proceed any further, just to ask you what I am to understand by anonymous letters;—as the manner in which you thought proper to pronounce those words, dispose me to imagine that some character of a particular

description is annexed to this kind of epistolary writing."

"They are letters," answered Asmodeus, "written without signatures; and so disguised that the writer may not be known or even traced to a discovery.—It does, indeed, sometimes happen, that they are applied to a good and friendly purpose,—and, to say the truth, if it were to my present plan, I could name many instances, where much good has been derived from them;—but, in general, they are written to satisfy envy, malice, or revenge; and to effect the objects of base mischief and cowardly resentment.—By the help of these fraudulent engines, how many friendships have been dissolved!—how many marriages prevented!—and how many families thrown into confusion, as well as broken into divisions!—There is nothing so easy as to scatter suspicion, and disseminate malice about the world;—and these Sybil leaves are admirably calculated to spread it thro' the

the domestic circles of life:—In short,” added Asmodeus, “ were I to enter into all the possible modes in which this kind of artillery may be, and is daily employed, by malice and envy, to interrupt the happiness, and lessen the honour of superior or rival characters,—you might remain on this parapet till the noon day should shine upon you.—But surely your own wicked wit cannot be at a loss to suggest the mischief which may be done by the post, who is not liable to pay for the scandal it innocently propagates, and whose authors it does not possess any power or means of discovering.”

“ The general principles,” replied the Count, “ of this pen and paper assassination, I can very well comprehend.—Where the perpetrating character is involved in impenetrable darkness, I well know the mischief that may be done. From the insight I have been permitted to have into your worship’s mode of proceedings,

whose operations owe their effect to the invisibility of your agency,—and of whose conduct in the precious business of mischief, this anonymous letter-writing appears to me to be a very happy imitation,—it appears to me to be one of those pleasant, mischievous measures which are indebted for their invention to yourself, or some one of your amiable brotherhood.”

“Your wit, my good friend,” replied the Demon, “is inexpressibly pleasant, but it will not enliven me so far as to make me assume a merit which is not my due:—For this mode of communication has been adopted, in one form or other, from the earliest times;—and the fact is, that the encreasing conveniencies of social life augment the means of gratifying the malevolent, as well as the better passions.—It is so ordered, you may believe me, that while human beings are such a compound of good and ill as they at present are, there
must

must necessarily be a tax upon all advantages, and an alloy to every blessing of life:—Truth and falsehood,—philanthropy and malice,—in short, vice and virtue will, while this world lasts, be continually engaged in a contest with each other.”

“ But is it not in your power,” demanded Don Cleofas, “ by some contrivance or other, to give me an illustration of the peculiar mode of conducting this kind of masked attack on her friends,—her acquaintance,—and her enemies,—for I can suppose they are all equally the objects of it,—which is adopted by this veteran anonymous writer, who is the cause of our present reflections?—You might, for example, repeat, or describe to me, any one of those pleasant epistles which occupied her mind during the day; or, in short, of that which plays upon her fancy at this moment of the night.”

“Your wish shall be accomplished,” answered the Demon, “by receiving an account of both.

“*Amarilla*, for that is her name, is a single lady of good family and fortune, who tells every body she is but eight and twenty, and, in reality, she is not more than ten years beyond it. She is lively and pleasant in society, but gloomy and rancorous by herself. Her father was a fox-hunting country gentleman, and her mother a Scotch woman of quality. The former having taken her with him to a fox-chace, when she was about fourteen, the horse on which she was mounted ran away with her, and the fall she received in consequence of it was attended with a fracture of her thigh, that has caused a very awkward limp in her gait. This circumstance, and the latter days of her mother having been passed in an occasional state of medical coercion, are the reasons why she remains a virgin; or, to adopt my expressions more suitably to
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the real circumstances of the case,—an unmarried lady.

“ One of her most particular friends, who is not many years younger than herself, and of the most inoffensive disposition, has lately married a gentleman, not more distinguished by his wealth, than by the elegance of his manners, and the extent of his understanding. No expressions were sufficient to convey Amarilla’s public joy on the unexpected occasion, while her heart blackened with private mortification;—and, influenced by the malignity of the latter, she did not hesitate a moment to use her best endeavours towards sowing a little uneasiness in the breast of her darling Clara’s lover,—by a few amiable and benevolent hints, thrown together in the form of an anonymous letter, to the following purport:—

“ That as from a sincere zeal to his honour,—and to prevent a man of his superior

perior character and worth, from being the dupe of artful people, in one of the most important concerns of life, it was recommended, as a necessary act of prudence in him, to delay, at least, the completion of his intended nuptials, till he had made some very minute enquiries relative to a scene in a coppice near ———— in Lincolnshire;—which, in the scandalous chronicle of that neighbourhood, was supposed to have passed there, not many years ago;—the principal actors in which were, the curate of the parish and a certain lady, whom the world reports to be on the point of being married to one of the best of men.”

“ Though there was not a word of truth in the passed suggestion of such an event,—or even of it having ever been suspected, —or any thing like it,—in the country where the scene was laid,—or any where else,—within the knowledge of the anonymous writer,—yet it might have
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so happened that the artifice would have operated, more or less, on the minds of a certain description of people;—and, if so,—the first hints would have been followed up with a progressive train of well-wrought, natural suggestions, that might not only have delayed the marriage;—but, by producing certain consequences of pique, jealousy, and coolness, either real or assumed, have been the undiscovered cause of entirely breaking off the match: Happily, however, for the innocent parties, the gentleman to whom these very friendly hints were addressed, possessed an heart, an understanding, and a knowledge of the world, which was very superior to such miserable contrivance, treachery and finesse:—He loved and revered the excellent woman to whom he was about to be united;—he felt this insidious attack upon her character as the most cruel injustice to her,—as well as the most malignant affront to himself;—and therefore determined to revenge them both, by hastening
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the event that was the object of this secret malevolence ; — and accordingly married the lady a fortnight sooner than was originally intended.

“ Amarilla, being convinced in her own mind that she had hastened the very event she hoped to retard, if not to frustrate,—determined, with all the spirit of irritated mortification, to change the mode of her attack,—and to employ the most probable means her malice could suggest, to awaken the spirit of jealousy in the mind of her friend after marriage, which she had vainly endeavoured to insinuate into the breast of her husband previous to it.— She has, accordingly, this very day, among other similar matters, of less importance, written a disguised letter to her friend Mrs. B———, in which, with all the artifice of elegant apology,—the sweetening of delicate flattery,—and the hesitation of affectionate sensibility,—she mentions,—as from the best authority,—
that

that a little Italian figurante, who was supposed to have been a favourite of Mr. B—— before his marriage, still retains a very serious influence over him; and that his best friends, who flattered themselves that such a solemn engagement would have put an end to so disgraceful a connexion, do not hesitate to express their most unreserved concern, that the influence of so charming a wife cannot keep him from the syren, who only throws forth her allurements in order to riot in his dishonour. — This friendly intelligence being gradually stated as an indubitable fact, — the precautions necessary to be taken on the occasion are then politely suggested; and a recommendation to consult one or two of her most intimate friends on the occasion, — with some, added apologies, and a string of those consolatory reflections, which, under the guise of tender expressions, are artfully contrived to irritate, rather than to moderate, the grievance, — conclude the humane epistle.”

“ Of

“ Of all this,” said Don Cleofas, “ I have as clear a comprehension as if I had literally read the whole of this incendiary letter,—of which you have related the subject, as I must own, in your best manner ;—and, as your worship is sometimes so kind as to look a little into futurity to oblige me,—it would really gratify my curiosity in no common degree, to be informed concerning the consequences of such a damnable attempt to undermine so fair a fabric of domestic happiness.”

“ Be not so impetuous, my good friend, I beseech you,” replied Asmodeus ; “ and I will endeavour to afford you the most ample satisfaction my prognosticating faculties can produce on the occasion.

“ You must know then, that this epistle will have all the effect on the mind of Mrs. B.—that can be desired by the malice which produced it ;—and she will not have read it over a second time, before
her

her carriage will be ordered to take her immediately to the writer of it;—and not only to shew the torturing letter to the triumphant Amarilla,—but to receive her advice as to the manner in which she shall conduct herself, on the very particular and mortifying occasion.—This will form one of the many curious scenes which are to be performed to-day, on the theatre of this metropolis.

“ The anonymous, but unsuspected scribe, will now have another enlarged field whereon to exert her malignant genius:—For the person who has laid the snare, to be consulted by the confident object of it, as to the way in which she shall proceed, seems, indeed, to threaten the latter with inevitable destruction:—And if it depended on herself alone, the fair prospects of happiness, upon which she has of late gazed with so much delight, would be clouded for ever:—but Mrs. B———, after having been advised

vised by her artful counsellor to proceed with extreme caution, and to do nothing without the most certain conviction that this kind of secret information, which is always of a suspicious nature, should be given from knowledge,—and a state of real circumstances,—will not be able to disguise her secret uneasiness ;—which, as soon as it attracts the attention, will be followed by the anxious enquiries, of her husband ;—who, on perceiving that something of a serious nature lurks behind the peculiar evasions with which his solicitous interrogations are treated, will come at once to the point,—and, in the manly tone,—accompanied with the disappointed looks of piqued affection,—will insist upon being informed of the truth.—Mrs. B— will then produce the letter she has have received ;—and, when he has perused it, he will immediately fetch that, which, as I have already mentioned, had been addressed to himself ;—and, on offering it to her attention, he will observe,—but in the most mild

and unrepublishing manner: — ‘ There
‘ is a letter which I received previous to
‘ our marriage;—and I had that confidence
‘ in you, to accelerate our nuptials in con-
‘ sequence of it, —you have received a
‘ letter of a similar nature; since our mar-
‘ riage, and it inspires you with a most
‘ unmerited suspicion of my fidelity.—
‘ My dear Clara, let this, I beseech you,
‘ be the last time that I shall triumph over
‘ you.’

On examining these respective papers, they will perceive, from various circumstances, that they originated in the same malice, as they are written in the same hand; and mutually agree to consider them with the detestation and contempt which such base engines of cowardly malignity so justly deserve.

“ But this is not all;—Mrs. B——, on her next visit to Amarilla, will unconsciously represent this, and all attempts of
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the same nature, as beneath her notice;—as incapable of intruding for a moment on her happiness,—and as nothing more than the fruitless attempt of some malignant and wretched character, to disgrace that virtue which she has herself lost,—and to wound that honour which she can never attain.”

“ This,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, in a tone, and with a look of cordial triumph; “ this would be a scene I should contemplate with the most inexpressible satisfaction. But, to complete your promise, tell me, if you please, what may be the occupation of her present thoughts, which, according to your account, is no more than a fanciful continuation of her daily mischief.”

“ She is, at this moment,” replied Afmodeus, “ arranging a precious little plan of malignity;—she dreams that she is confidentially informed by one of her intimate female acquaintance,—who is a very admired

mired person in the great world,—that the luxuries of high life have rather exceeded the power of her husband's fortune ;—and that while not an human being suspects their embarrassment, they purpose to steal quietly abroad, under a pretence of bringing back their son from an academy in Normandy; where they themselves intend to remain for the two years which may be necessary to retrieve their affairs.—Having received this account of the secret design of her friends, she continues to dream that she writes anonymous letters to their principal creditors, to inform them of the circumstance,—with a few friendly little hints, to take their measures accordingly.”

“ Such a wretch,” exclaimed the Count, “ would disgrace the character of a common devil.”

“ Not quite so fast, my good lord,” said the Demon; “ you are under more obligations

obligations to such characters as Amarilla than you are aware of.—It is to the wicked nature of these people that we ministering devils owe all our leisure:—If individuals of your species did not often do our work for us, we should not have a moment's repose.—In short, were it not for a pretty deal of human assistance in my department, I should not possess the present, or, indeed, any opportunity of fulfilling my promises, and demonstrating my gratitude to you.”

“ If that be the case,” replied Don Cleofas, “ my lips are silent on the subject;—and your's may be opened, if you think proper, on the history of the man who sleeps in a room, which seems to occupy the whole roof of an house to the left of us;—and, if it were not for the bed on which the good man reposes,—has more the air of a work-shop than a bed-chamber.”

“ It

“It is,” replied Asmodeus, “the house, —the shop,—the chamber,—the parlour,—and the every thing, of a very ingenious, indefatigable, and scheming mechanic.—If we were to remain here till he arose, you would see his bed transformed into a table and two chairs, which form all the upholstery of his apartment. He has invented many machines, of great utility,—and improved others,—of which his employers have, in general, reaped the benefit, and sometimes the honour.—This ingenious man dreams that he has discovered the art of making echoes, and that he is now employed in drawing up an advertisement, to offer his service for supplying echoes in every degree of reverberation, from the gentlest whisper, to the report of a cannon,—for the use of parks, gardens, music-rooms, and ladies chambers.

“In the garret of the adjoining house, on a bed without curtains, sleeps that wretched and unhappy being, an hireling

poet,—who gets his scanty bread by writing ballads for street-fingers,—poems of every denomination for magazines and newspapers,—and songs for the public gardens:—he is not without some rays of poetical genius, but they are clouded by necessity, and chilled by penury.—He is at present dreaming about a tragedy that he has long meditated to write,—and he thinks that he has already got to the thirty-sixth act.

“ In the room beneath the poet, the professor of a sister art is enjoying the highest honours that can await the skill of painters.—During the day, he has been employed in painting the arms of the Prince of Wales, to decorate the front of a tradesman’s shop, who has the honour of serving his Royal Highness with boots and shoes;—but he now fancies that he is an historic painter of the first class,—and that the cartoons of Raphael, at the Queen’s house,

house, are actually taken down, to make room for the superior works of his pencil.

“ In the adjoining chamber is a most pleasant fellow of a clergyman, who loves a joke better than his bible;—and of the bible itself will make a joke rather than balk his fancy,—or deny himself the glory of creating a laugh.—How many friends has that inconsiderate man made and lost, by unfortunate exertions of his wit,—and the irresistible impulse of misapplied railery!—He once lost a good wife, and a good fortune, by ridiculing some accidental imperfections of the tender and beloved mother of a young lady to whom he paid his addresses;—and, by turning his sarcasms against a bishop, justified the prelate in withdrawing his promise of making an ample provision for him in the church. He is now smiling on his pillow, from dreaming that he is preaching before the veteran and hoary pensioners of Chelsea-hospital, and that he has taken for his

text,—“Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”

“In the chamber on the same parallel with that of the unlucky wight of a parson, and whose very floor is strewed with old books and pamphlets, a poor author is now rioting in excess of wealth and plenty.—He is a man of some learning, and more taste,—who is so unfortunate as to be a drudge of the bookfellers, and who, by labouring with his pen and his brain, ten hours a day throughout the whole year, gets just sufficient to pay his board and lodging, to support a decent appearance, and to indulge himself in a few coffee-house expences.—At this very moment, he dreams that he is an Italian opera singer, and has just cleared fifteen hundred pounds at his benefit.—What a pity,—one might add, indeed, what a shame it is, that he must so soon awake to be the slave of Pater-noster row, at the rate of three guineas a week.

“Look a little further down the street,” continued the Devil upon Two Sticks,—“and you will see a baker’s shop, where the people are busy in heating the ovens, and preparing to bake the bread for their customers of the ensuing day.—You will be so good as to let your eyes pass from the bottom to the top of the house, where you may see the master himself, who, having regulated the various proportions of the unbaked provisions, is just gone to his bed; and, fatigued with his toil of the night and morning, already dreams, that, on account of the present high price of corn, he has charitably ordered a certain number of loaves to be made above the standard weight, for the benefit of the poor.

“But,” demanded the Count, “does he not think, at the same time, that he diminishes in the same proportion, the legal quantities of bread which he intends to sell to the rich.”—“By no means,” replied the

Demon, "he is, at present, all humanity and justice,—but he will awake from this visionary scene of benevolence, to receive a summons from a magistrate, on an information made against him by the steward of a neighbouring hospital, for having supplied it with loaves of notorious deficiency.

"The very next house is the dwelling of that truly respectable kind of dealer called a pawnbroker, who now imagines in his sleep, that a poor woman comes to pledge her last rags, to procure food for three sick children,—and that he is so affected by her maternal tenderness and melancholy condition, as not only to provide her with cloaths for her decent appearance, and money for her immediate relief,—but to promise her ten shillings a week, till he can place her in a situation where she may procure a comfortable support for herself and little ones.

“ In the first floor of the pawnbroker’s house, and a very proper place you will say it is for such a person, lodges a worthy old man, who has supported and enriched himself by the honourable profession of usury.— He too contrives sometimes to sleep; and is now dreaming, that in one of his Sunday rambles in the vicinity of the metropolis, he has found a bag of gold and bank-notes; which he immediately advertises, and returns to the person who had lost them, without having purloined a guinea, or receiving any other reward but the acknowledgements of the grateful owner.

“ These people, I fear,” said Don Cleofas, “ retired very late indeed to their repose;—for their sleeping thoughts do not appear to possess that veracity, which, according to the poet you have already quoted, accompanies the latter portion of nocturnal rest.

“ The philosophy of poets,” answered Asmodeus,—“ is not of very sterling dependence;—and though there may be sound physics, as well as good morals, in the opinion to which you allude, the fancy that plays about the human mind in the hours of rest,—is, believe me, but an accidental reporter of truth or falsehood.—If, however, you wish to have an example of something like truth of application in a passing dream,—you may see the object of it in a large chamber, with a lamp burning on a bracket above the chimney-piece.—In that large bed of green damask, with the curtains undrawn at the feet, sleeps a wealthy, asthmatic old gentleman, who, but yesterday, attained his sixty-ninth year, and is in a few days to be married to a blooming young woman of twenty-four.—He dreams, as your lordship will say, aptly enough,—that he is become an infant, and that his intended bride is the nurse who feeds him with a spoon.

“ I shall

“I shall give you some little occasion to smile,” continued the Devil, “when I have communicated to you the subject which agitates the lady’s fancy who is now tumbling the pillows of the white bed in an upper room of the adjoining house.—She is, at present, so occupied in acting over her feverish occupations of the passed day,—that when she awakes from the repose of to-night, she will find herself afflicted by the very lassitude which she expected to have been removed by it.—The fair gamester, at this moment, thinks that she has been engaged in the usual amusements of her evenings,—and that she has been playing at piquet with an inveterate ill fortune, that has stripped her of every thing.—She imagines that she has not only lost her money, trinkets and cloaths, but that her teeth have also become the property of her opponent; and that on staking one of her eyes, relenting fortune turns the scale in her favour, and affords her the unexpected prospect of rising at last a winner from the

table.”—“ As you were proceeding,” said the Count, “ I really began to be alarmed for the lady’s honour. I was fearful of that precious article being brought to the hazard.” “ Such is the spirit of play,” answered the Demon, “ that her honour would have preceded her ear-rings,—but fortunately she has not beauty enough to make it a current commodity.”

“ Hitherto,” replied Don Cleofas, “ you have obliged me by relating only the thoughts of sleep; but now I presume you will introduce me to the actions of it,—for the young lady whom I see sitting upon her bed in a riding-dress, and making up something of a package,—is, I suppose, one of those whose dreams are so very powerful, as to make them act, in every respect, as if they were broad awake.—This charming girl, I presume, is afflicted with the very unpleasant habit of walking in her sleep.”

“ You

“ You never hazarded a more unfortunate conjecture in your life,” answered Asmodeus, “ she is at this moment as little encumbered with sleep as yourself ;—and though she is not immediately in that class of objects which affords the subjects of our present observations,—yet she has attracted your notice ; and since there is something singular in the circumstances of her life, as well as of her present situation,—I will introduce her little history as an episode, which may afford no unpleasing variety to the allotted objects of the night.

“ *Clara* is a young lady of fashion ; and her parents, as the general appearance of the house in which they live might lead you to suppose, are persons of large fortune, who figure in the highest circles of what is called the great world. She is their only child,—their darling daughter,—and they do every thing in their power to make the qualities of her mind rival the beauties of her form.—There is only one

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point

point in which they are deficient,—but that may be said to involve the whole,—the parental duty of presenting a good example for her imitation. Here there is a most lamentable inattention,—and they ought to be thankful that this criminal negligence finds no heavier punishment than that which is about to be inflicted on it.—But to proceed—

“ No sooner had Clara attained to that period of life when the youthful mind is capable of serious reflection, than her father lost no opportunity to warn her against the arts of libertine men,—and to impress the idea, that the most invaluable jewel a female could possess, was a spotless reputation.—But this thoughtless father was himself a man of extreme dissipation: at the very time when he was describing to his child the infamy of laying schemes for the seduction of young women, he himself was a seducer;—and was frequently engaged in the lustful arts of dishonour-
ing

ing the daughter of another, at the very hour when he appeared to be so solicitous for the preservation of his own.

“ In giving his parental instructions to his girl, he would assure her that a man who drank to excess, must be a bad husband, and a bad father,—at the very moment when he was going to dine at a tavern with a set of men who were all drunkards, as well as himself.—He has recommended her to avoid a quarrelsome and hot-headed man, as a character with whom a woman could not enjoy a moment’s peace,—while he himself was writing a challenge to the most intimate friend of his life. And as for a Newmarket lover, he has forbade her, again and again, on pain of his lasting displeasure, ever to think of a man who will leave her society for that of stable-men, and the lowest gamblers, and risk his fortune on the speed of an horse,—although he himself never misses a Newmarket meeting, and is known by all who
know

know him, to be passionately attached to the amusements of the turf.

“ Her mother also has plenty of good instructions, and bad examples for this unfortunate young lady.—She is a woman whose pride is not only troublesome to all her acquaintance, but painful to herself.—She thinks of nothing but the dignity of her station, the honour of her family, and the necessity of keeping her inferiors at a distance. Nevertheless, in the midst of this haughty demeanour, she continually recommends to her daughter the practice of complaisance and condescension to all,—and, by an unaffected humility to inferiors, even of the lowest denomination, to lessen, if possible, any apparent severity in the appointment of their subordinate stations.

“ Against satirical reflections, ill-natured remarks, or unfavourable representations of the actions, or persons of others,—the utmost exertions of maternal eloquence

quence are constantly employed, for the instruction of her daughter;—while the good lady herself never speaks of her acquaintance, or even her friends, without some proportion of acrimony or reprehension, —and is as sparing of her praise of others, as if it would recoil in the form of reproach upon herself.

“ As for cards, Clara had been forbidden,—in the most positive language of prohibition, and the severest menace on disobedience,—to touch them;—while her mother frequently passes the night in the amusements of the card-table;—and the girl has oftentimes received a lecture from her parent against the folly of dress, —the nonsense of finery, and the ruinous consequences of the love of parade, in a room be-spread with habiliments of every expence, and by the side of a toilette covered with diamonds.

“ Nor, while the inferior branches of human duty are thus enforced by precept,
and

and opposed by practice,—is religion, the primary source of them all, passed by in silence.—Clara is urged to morning and evening prayer by those whose eyes are never directed to Heaven, either for the purpose of petition or thanksgiving;—and she is taught to believe, that the being absent from church on the Sabbath, is a most unpardonable error, by those whom she has heard to declare, in terms of jocularity, that since they approached the altar to be married, they had never been seen in a place of public worship.

“ In short, the parents of this charming girl are continually giving her instructions which they never practise, and differ in every example of their conduct, from every precept of their advice. Not a lesson has she received from her mother,—which her own example has not been calculated to destroy;—nor any serious counsel from her father,—which his actions have

have not openly disapproved. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprize to you, or, in your opinion, of blame to poor Clara, when I inform you, that she is up, and dressed at this early hour, in order to run-away with an amiable and well educated young clergyman, who has for some time past been employed to teach her the use of the globes.

“ I perceive by the smile that is breaking upon your countenance,” continued the Demon, “ that I am to expect a few of your agreeable remarks on the occasion,—so let them come without hesitation, as our present excursion draws towards a conclusion.” “ Indeed, my friend,” answered the Count, “ I have only to observe, that, as the parents of the young lady gave her instructions to restrain her inclination, while they allowed an unlimited indulgence to their own,—they will surely have no just right to reproach her for receiving their instructions, and following their example.”

“ I beg

“ I beg your pardon,” replied Asmodeus, “ I was really apprehensive that the conclusion of this little history would have furnished your lively fancy with some sportive images,—and that you would, at least, have contrived a laugh at the expence of the runaway parties.” “ I felt,” “ said Don Cleofas, “ a very contrary disposition, I assure you ;—this is a moment of too much suspense and anxiety, to justify jocular levity. If the young people, indeed, were returned safe and happy from their expedition, I might, perhaps, laugh with the best of them.”

“ In the mean time, then,” continued the Devil, “ I will furnish you with a subject for your mirth in the house at the corner of the street, every room of which you must perceive to be filled with rare and curious articles in the various branches of natural philosophy. The gentleman who occupies a chamber at the top of the house for the benefit of the air, and who
sleeps

sleeps in a bed without curtains, that the current of it may not be impeded,—is a very eminent writer of natural history, and a Fellow of the Royal Society:—He, at this moment, dreams that he is so near marriage, as to be accompanying a lady to the church for that purpose,—when, just as he reaches the porch—observing a butterfly of a very rare species, basking upon a wild flower, by the side of a grave,—he stops the company, to give him an opportunity of catching it;— but the winged insect escaping, he thinks that he pursues it over hill and dale,—through brake and briar,—and that, in the ardour of his chase, he leaves the bride to all the disappointment of her awkward situation,—and the marriage-rites to the solemnization of a future day.

“ In the house on this side the habitation of the philosopher, lives a wealthy, a worthy, and a jovial alderman of London; who, at this moment, imagines himself
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to be at table with a bishop, who has a more gormandizing appetite than himself.

“ In the adjoining mansion sleeps a nobleman, whose mean and fordid character is well known to the world:—though enriched by the marriage of two wealthy wives, he continues to lament, as he has done for near thirty years, the protracted life of his father;—and, of course, the delayed possession of a great hereditary fortune.—He now enjoys, in his sleep, the death which makes him an earl, and gives him an estate of twenty thousand pounds a year.—He thinks also, that he is in close conference with the clerk of his parish, who is an undertaker, to arrange the funeral with the most minute economy.”

“ But leaving such a wretch to the merited disappointment to which he will awake,” said the Count, “ do not I see a bed-chamber which, instead of common

mon paper furniture, is hung round with musical compositions?"

"It is even so," answered the Demon ;
"and, which is more, you may observe a *piano-forte* fastened to the bed,—and so contrived, that the lady who reposes there, if she should be indisposed to sleep, which frequently happens,—can amuse herself on the instrument, without quitting her mat-trass.—She is a woman of large fortune, whose very soul is impregnated with music,—and who is indifferent about any enjoyment but such as proceeds from musical entertainments. At present she is in a sound and delightful sleep, for she thinks that she is married to an Italian singer of the first voice,—and that she is giving orders to expunge the family motto from her arms, whether painted on her coach, or engraved on her plate,—and to supply it with the well-known, and descriptive phrase of, *vox, et præterea nihil.*"

"I sup-

“ I suppose,” observed the Count, “ that it does not answer your present design to expose to me any of those unhappy people, whom the cares of the mind, or the disorders of the body, keep from the comforts of rest;—for, as yet, I do not remember to have seen a single person, except the young lady in waiting to be run-away with,—who did not fully enjoy the privileges of sleep.—If Morpheus should be particularly favourable to this quarter,—you will be so good, I am sure, whenever you may be called from your kind attendance on me, to provide me with a lodging in it.”

“ There is no spot, my good friend,” answered the Demon, “ in this, or any other city,—or, indeed, in the habitable globe,—where care or pain does not keep the eye open, at the dark hour when nature requires that it should be closed;—but, as the dreams of sleeping men were the allotted subjects of our immediate consideration,

fideration,— I took care to pass by those whose pillows were unblest with repose. Here are plenty of them ;—and, as I have another hour to spare, you shall be amused with an account of some of those, who, from the various causes which delight, — agitate,— and occupy mortal men,— remain awake, when they should be fast asleep.”

Don Cleofas consented to the proposition, and the Devil upon Two Sticks continued his elucidations.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

*In which the COUNT and his CONDUCTOR
pass from the Sleepers to the Sleepless.*

“ **I**N the very next house,” said the Demon, “to the musical lady, you may see a young man, whom love keeps awake;—and whose old valet de-chambre, by way of quickening, or amusing his tedious vigils,—is reading the translation of a Spanish story,—in order to prove that there may be misfortunes in love, of a far more disastrous nature than those which he suffers.”

“ My curiosity is all alive,” interrupted Don Cleofas, “at the idea of a Spanish story;—and, if you never indulge me again,—do favour me now with the recital
of

of what the old servant is at this moment reading, to sooth his love-sick master."

"The tale would be too long for the time I have to spare you, were I to begin it," answered Asmodeus; "you will therefore excuse me, if I accompany the reader,—and take it up precisely at the part which he now unfolds to the eager ear of enamoured watchfulness.

"—————Don Solano, and his friend, Don Michael Gonfales, rode slowly through the forest, beguiling the tediousness of their way, by relating what they had a thousand times repeated to each other,—the sad tale of their mutual sorrows and disappointments.

"Night at length spread its dark mantle over nature,—and they wandered far from the path which led to the convent, within whose hospitable walls they had
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hoped to find repose from the fatigues of their journey.

“ To complain was fruitless,—and to return, with the hope of finding the unfrequented way from whence they had strayed, seemed to be a very discouraging attempt;—so they continued their course as chance might direct them,—and they soon came to the side of a small rivulet, whose dashing noise marked the interrupted progress of its waters.—Along its shady banks they took their way in solitude and in silence,—in the wearied expectation of finding some poor peasant’s hut, that might afford them a shelter for the night.

“ They followed the course of the stream,—and found no traces of human habitation:—Wearied, therefore, with the toil of the day, they began to think of making the bare earth their pillow,—when one of the servants discovered a light on the opposite side of the water.

“ He was immediately ordered to ford the rivulet, and to explore the spot from whence the welcome gleam proceeded.— He instantly obeyed,—and soon returned, with a kind invitation from an aged hermit, whose lamp cast its faint rays through the gloom,—to partake of the humble hospitality of his cell.—The friendly offer was gladly accepted,—and the benighted travellers soon arrived at the door of the solitary habitation.

“ Don Solano entered, and saw an old man, clad in the habit of the Franciscan order, and reclined on a couch of reeds.— His beard descended to his girdle, and he held a crucifix in his hand.

‘ My son,’ said the hermit, in a feeble tone of voice, ‘ enter, I beseech you, into this humble dwelling,—and receive the kindest protection it is able to afford you;—a strange chance,—but, perhaps, a very providential one,— seems to have

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brought

‘ brought you to this sequestered spot,—
‘ where, during the course of twenty-
‘ nine years that I have been the inhabi-
‘ tant of it, no wandering stranger has
‘ asked admission to my cell; — and I
‘ cannot but consider it as a blessed sign
‘ of Heaven’s favour to me, in conduct-
‘ ing you hither at this important mo-
‘ ment.

‘ I feel, my sons,’ continued the her-
mit, ‘ that my life is hastening to its pe-
‘ riod,—and that these eyes of mine will
‘ not behold another sun.—You are come,
‘ therefore, to be the depositories of that
‘ history which it becomes me to disclose:
‘ —and, while you refresh yourselves with
‘ such humble fare as this poor place af-
‘ fords,—I will endeavour to turn my re-
‘ collection to the leading circumstances
‘ of that strange story, which I trust the
‘ kindness of Heaven will enable me to
‘ relate.’

“ He

“ He then directed the travellers to open a small cupboard in the corner of the hermitage, and desired them to regale on the frugal contents of it.—Their meal was not long ;—and when the holy man perceived that it was finished, he continued his discourse.

‘ After the many dark passages through
‘ which I have been forced to make my
‘ way,—I cannot but bless the conde-
‘ scending mercy of Heaven, which has,
‘ at length, conducted me to the conso-
‘ lations of this hour ;—and that it gra-
‘ ciously affords me strength to relate
‘ those sorrows which have at length found
‘ a final cure in this solitary dwelling.

‘ I am, my sons, descended from one
‘ of the first families in Spain,—and re-
‘ ceived all the advantages that education
‘ could bestow on rank and fortune.—
‘ When I first appeared on the theatre of

‘ the world, I was considered as the most
‘ accomplished person among the young
‘ nobility of the Spanish Court.—Fortune
‘ smiled upon me ;—the career of honour
‘ was open before me ;—and the first
‘ houses of our proud nobility solicited my
‘ alliance :—But the fervid blood of im-
‘ petuous youth boiled in my veins ;—and,
‘ being free from all restraint or control,
‘ —I rushed at once into all the riot of
‘ luxurious intemperance ; — and, from
‘ being the admiration,—I became the
‘ horror of all, but the companions of
‘ my debaucheries.—Strange, however,
‘ as it may appear,—it is no less true,—
‘ that those habits of vice, which seemed
‘ to be rooted in my nature,—and had
‘ already resisted the counsels of friends,
‘ —the calls of honour,—the remonstrance
‘ of my sovereign,—and the injunctions
‘ of religion,—quitted their hold on my
‘ character the moment I beheld Ange-
‘ lina’s beauty.

“ At

‘ At that dear, — that fatal, — that
‘ much lamented name,’—said the her-
mit, raising himself a little on his couch,
‘ I must sigh once again, ere my last
‘ breath escapes me.—Her form was made
‘ to adorn a Paradise, — and from that
‘ heaven, which I might have possessed at
‘ once, had I run the career of virtue,—
‘ my vicious life now threatened to shut
‘ me out for ever.—Her family turned
‘ with horror from the offers of a man,
‘ whom, three years before, they would
‘ almost have bent their knees to receive.

‘ Thus stung with disappointment, and
‘ oppressed with shame,—I clearly per-
‘ ceived that nothing could obtain that
‘ happiness for me on which my very ex-
‘ istence depended, but an entire refor-
‘ mation of my life.—Love rekindled in
‘ my heart the flame of virtue;—and the
‘ hopes of rendering myself worthy of
‘ Angelina, gave a new colour and ten-
‘ dency to all my thoughts and actions.—

‘ I was resolved to possess her, if a renewed
‘ state of virtue could be thought to de-
‘ serve her; — but if my reformation
‘ should fail,—and I should not, by any
‘ means, be able to obtain the object of
‘ my idolatry,—I had made a most solemn
‘ vow to turn my back upon this world,
‘ —where no joy could remain for me,—
‘ and pass the rest of my days in the solitary
‘ contemplation of a better.

‘ To such a solitude my fate has driven
‘ me;—but the events that are mingled
‘ with it are so full of horror, that I must
‘ beg your patience for a short repose,—
‘ which may enable me, perhaps, to con-
‘ tinue the sequel of my lamentable
‘ history.’

Here the hermit made a pause;—but,
after the silence of a few minutes, he pro-
ceeded on the melancholy narrative of his
misfortunes.

‘ The

‘ The reformation,’ continued he, ‘ of
‘ my life was so extraordinary, that it
‘ engrossed the general conversation of all
‘ Madrid ;—and, as I never hesitated to
‘ tell the cause of it,—the lovely Ange-
‘ lina’s family and friends began to mani-
‘ fest some degree of relaxation in their
‘ late obstinate refusal of me.

‘ I now lived almost entirely alone ;—
‘ my house, which had so long been noto-
‘ rious for its festive riots,—now possessed
‘ the solemn silence of religious retire-
‘ ment ;—and when my mind could bear
‘ the intrusion of any other object but
‘ Angelina,—I applied myself to the con-
‘ solations of grave and instructive sci-
‘ ence.

‘ I had now passed several months in a
‘ mingled state of hope, fear and impati-
‘ ence,—when I was assured by a vigilant
‘ friend, that a formidable rival had risen
‘ up against me in the eldest son of a rich
K 5 ‘ family,

‘ family, to whose arms the beautiful An-
‘ gelina would soon be consigned, if I did
‘ not come forward, in some shape or other,
‘ to prevent it.—At this information my
‘ nature threw off at once all the gentleness
‘ it had so lately assumed :—I became furi-
‘ ous and savage ;—my jealous rage panted
‘ after its victim ;—I fought my rival, nor
‘ did he fear to be found ;—we fought—and
‘ he fell dead at my feet.

‘ My friends hurried me immediately
‘ away from Madrid, and would not leave
‘ me till I had passed the frontiers of the
‘ kingdom.—They then recommended pa-
‘ tience, promised a continuance of their
‘ friendship, and bade me farewell.

‘ Three years did I wander, a wretch-
‘ ed vagabond, from city to city, and from
‘ kingdom to kingdom, with no other in-
‘ mates of my breast but Angelina and des-
‘ pair.—At length, my uncle and his two
‘ sons dying in the same week, of a malig-
‘ nant

'nant fever, I became the only surviving branch of an ancient and illustrious house.—This circumstance procured my pardon, occasioned my recal, and at length blessed me in the possession of Angelina.

'Four years did I live with her in unspeakable happiness; but the constancy which warmed my bosom, did not communicate its flame to that of my wife; and after having borne two lovely children, she became faithless to me.—My jealousy was equal to my love; and I did not delay to form the plan of that revenge which I have since executed,—and whose cruel fury, I now trust, Heaven has pardoned.

'I sent a letter to a faithful friend, recommending to him the paternal care of my infant children, and beseeching him not to make enquiry after one whom he would see no more.—I then disguised my-

‘ self in the habit of a peasant,—prepared
‘ the instrument of revenge,—and a swift
‘ courser for my flight, when I had executed
‘ it.—I then placed myself in ambush,
‘ near the bower where the guilty para-
‘ mours were to meet, and which had alrea-
‘ dy been the scene of their lascivious plea-
‘ sures ;—nor did they disappoint me.—I
‘ plunged a dagger in the throbbing breast
‘ of the villian who deceived me, and with
‘ the reeking blade, I made a passage to
‘ Angelina’s heart.—But my revenge was
‘ not yet satisfied: tremble not my sons,
‘ when I tell you, that I severed her head
‘ from the quivering trunk, and wrapped it
‘ in a napkin ; I mounted my horse, and
‘ taking my way through the unfrequented
‘ parts of an extensive forest, prevented all
‘ possibility of tracing my flight.

‘ After a feverish journey of several
‘ days, I passed the confines of Spain, and
‘ arrived before the walls of a convent,
‘ whose turrets mingled with the loftiest
branches

‘ branches of an adjoining wood:—But
‘ before I demanded its asylum, I bu-
‘ ried all that I now possessed of Angelina,
‘ in the spot where I afterwards formed
‘ this cell.

‘ The religious fathers received me with
‘ kindness, and I found some consolation
‘ in the review of their holy and spotless
‘ lives:—but my crimes demanded a
‘ deeper expiation than the rigours of
‘ their discipline.—With my own hands
‘ I made this solitary grot; and some jew-
‘ els which I presented to the convent, se-
‘ cured me a daily supply of simple food
‘ to sustain my nature in bearing its punish-
‘ ment.

‘ After five years severe penitence, with
‘ my own hands I dug up the scull of
‘ Angelina, and placed it in that niche
‘ where you now behold it.—That sad,
‘ affecting spectacle, has given poignancy
‘ to my sorrows, and zeal to my repen-
‘ tance.—

‘ tance.—She has long since received forgiveness from me,—and I trust that my sufferings have obtained the mercy of Heaven for myself.

‘ Here have I felt the heat of thirty summers,—and here have I felt the cold of as many winters,—and now my last moment is at hand.—I cannot repeat my name, but it is engraved on the pavement; and if my children yet live, you may tell them of their father’s fate, and bear his last blessing to them.

‘ Don Solano, trembling with astonishment, cast his eyes upon the floor, and throwing himself instantly at the old man’s feet,—then give me that blessing,” said he, ‘ for I am your son,—a son that inherits all his father’s sorrows.—But Don Solano asked in vain,—the hermit was no more,—his last sigh had escaped him.’

“ But are there not examples of unsuccessful love and female infidelity” said the Count,

Count, "to be found in this country, without applying to the distant parts of Europe for their local wretchedness.—Most certainly," answered the Demon; "but in this kingdom, the fine machinery of love romance is wanting.—There are no convents,—or hermits,—or pathless forests,—or solitary castles,—or myrtle groves,—or midnight serenades;—no iron grates, no subtle duennas,—no vengeful poniards are to be found here;—so that if it had been a mere account of English distress that the good man had been reading, I should not have troubled you with a tale;—that would have been insipidity itself to the warm imagination of a gallant Spaniard.

"You are pleased to be merry with me," replied Don Cleofas, "and I shall lose no part of the present opportunity I possess of receiving your instruction, by engaging in a contest with you. I shall beg the favour of you therefore, to inform me concerning a gentleman, who is now sitting
in

in his night-gown, on the side of his bed :— He rests his elbows upon his knees,—and his face upon his hands,—as if some very grievous calamity had overtaken him.”

“ How ill do mortals judge of each other,” said Asmodeus, “ and what a strange compound is man !—So far from being aggrieved, or threatened with misfortune,—he is surrounded with every thing that composes what the world calls prosperity, and yet he is unhappy.—He is a man without calamity, and without comfort ;—and he owes his present dissatisfied condition to his folly ;—for surely it is a folly of no common magnitude, in a man who has passed his best days in the continual occupation of trade,—and has received no better education than was necessary for the shop and the accounting-house,—to think of entirely quitting them, whatever wealth he may have acquired,—in the hope of deriving pleasure from a tranquil and retired life.—A mind which
has

has been, as it were, rivetted by long habits to one object, will certainly find, on the removal from it, a painful vacuity, that is little short of actual misfortune.—Of this truth, the person who is honoured with your present attention will appear, according to the history I am about to give you of him, as a very singular example.

“ This gentleman was educated by his father with no other view but to qualify him for his own business;—and all his knowledge was confined to what a city academy could afford him.—Reading, writing and arithmetick composed all the knowledge he was destined to receive, as preparatory to the final accomplishments of the accompting-house, the quay and the exchange.—A bad state of health, which afflicted his father's latter days, obliged him to rely principally on his son, at a very early period of his life, for the management of the more laborious part of his

his concerns;—so that when the old man died, the young man was perfectly well qualified to support the commercial character of his father. Mr. B——, by this event, was in possession of a good capital, and a flourishing business; but as the fortunes of three sisters were to be paid out of the money employed in his trade, it required the utmost prudence and exertion to provide for such demands, without contracting the sphere of his concerns,

“ His father had made it a constant practice to carry on his business upon sure grounds,—and he determined to follow so good an example.—A most rigid œconomy, therefore, with all the applications of the most saving knowledge, became absolutely necessary, in order to accumulate what might be requisite to pay his sisters legacies, on the stated days of their respective marriages, whenever they should arrive.—But the death of the one,—a love disappointment of another,—and the disgusting

gusting ugliness of the third, preserved him from an inconvenience, which, while it animated his industry, kept him in a continual ferment for several years.

“ Having been obliged to adopt a very confined mode of living, on account of his sisters, he became so habituated to it, that he continued to observe it on his own.—An idea of marriage sometimes occurred to him; but those near relations always dissuaded him from changing his situation;—and as they always lived with him, he never experienced that solitude at home, which would have made a wife essential to his comfort. He is, therefore, a bachelor at this moment, and pays the additional tax for his servants, with which the legislature of this country has thought proper to charge those who have never been entangled in the bands of Hymen.

“ For thirty succeeding years he rose up early,—took rest late,—and eat the bread
of

of carefulness :—Business engrossed all his thoughts;—and the recreations of which he was sometimes, though very seldom, persuaded to partake, were not able to divert his thoughts from it.—If he went to a play,—his mind was still at home;—when the greatest actor was exerting his powers on the stage,—he was employed in making calculations of profit and loss.—He has reckoned up the gains of a lucky hit to an opera tune;—and while harlequin was risking his neck,—his thoughts have been occupied in the insurance of a cargo.

“ Having, however, at length acquired a very considerable fortune, and recollecting that his father had fallen a sacrifice to his trade,—he at length expressed a design of retiring from it.—His only surviving sister always seconded the idea; and in less than twelve months he found himself without any business whatever, except paying the current expences of the week,
—receiving

—receiving his half-yearly dividends at the Bank and the India-house, and occasionally settling the accounts of his banker.—He now set up his coach,—took the house in which he at present resides, by way of living at the polite end of the town, and commenced gentleman.

“ The novelty of having nothing to do, —the taking a daily airing in his carriage, —and eating his meals without interruption, delighted him for a short time ;—but, alas, he soon discovered that he had entered upon a situation which he was not calculated to enjoy.—The elegant employments of leisure were unknown to him :—Reading was no amusement to one who had never studied any books but the journal, the ledger and the cash-book ;—while the music of a concert, to which his sister had persuaded him to subscribe, was not half so pleasing to his ear as the chimes of the Royal Exchange.—He could, indeed, without difficulty, have procured a little
1 society

society in his present neighbourhood, by the usual attraction of occasional dinners; but he has sense enough to know that he is not qualified to engage in it.

“ Having been concerned in a medium way of trade, between the first line of commerce and the retail dealer,—he has not acquired the self importance of the one, or the flippant ease of the other.—A capital merchant still awes him with his consequential language; and a mercer will bear him down by the ready, communicative flow of his conversation.—His old acquaintance are so occupied in business, that they can very seldom come to see him;—and he must, of course, carry interruption along with him, whenever he calls upon them.—In short, so very heavy does time now hang upon his hands, that Sunday, which was formerly welcome, as a day of comparative ease, is now impatiently expected, as a day of regular employment.

ployment.—He was never remarkable, when he was in business, for attending the public duties of the sabbath,—but he now frequents divine service twice every Sunday, besides an evening-lecture, by way of something to do.

“ During the last summer, he took lodgings in a village within a few miles of town,—with the hope of enjoying some sort of society among his old city associates, in their weekly retreats from business;—but he found them all, at their country-houses, turned into fine gentlemen, who seemed desirous of forgetting those concerns which it is his sole delight to remember.—There he found brokers affecting the airs of dancing-masters;—merchants, who never mentioned so vulgar a thing as an accompting-house, — and Bank-directors,—who would not appear to know that there was any such thing as a national debt.

“ All

“ All these disappointments have made so deep an impression upon his mind, that he is determined to return to some kind of pecuniary employment ;—and he is now sitting on his bed, in the posture you see him, making a calculation for farming the tax on post-horses.

“ How far a superior education may be of service to the mercantile profession, is not a matter for our present discussion ;—but, without some sort of accomplishments originally acquired, or since obtained,—no man, if he consults his own real happiness, will ever quit the business in which he has passed the greater part of his life,—and to which his character is formed and moulded,—from any romantic notion of ease and leisure.—They whose first ideas were profit and loss,—and whose whole lives have been regulated by the pursuits of profit and loss,—have nothing left for it, but to pursue the game of profit and loss to the end of the chapter.”

“ I cannot

“ I cannot however but think,” said Don Cleofas, “ that there must be a certain degree of stupidity in this honest man’s character ;—or, with a large fortune, tho’ ungraced with the accomplishments of education, — certain amusements might have been found by him, to dissipate, in some measure, the wearisome vacuity of his life.—But let us quit an object which by no means justifies any further attention, —and turn our regards to a lady, who sits up in her bed, reading a large book upon a desk, which is placed before her, and occasionally writing either short remarks or notices, on a paper which she holds in her hand.—It is a singular employment for a woman, at such an hour, and I must be indebted to your communicative spirit for the history of it.”

“ She is a writer of some distinction,” answered Asmodeus, “ and the singularity of her character and circumstances,

will justify my entering into a short detail of them.

“She is of a very respectable and weakly family in the county of ———, and the sister of a patriotic republican senator,—whose political conduct is well known, for its violence and singularity.—Her youth was remarkable for a peculiarity of disposition,—but gave no forebodings of those talents which she afterwards discovered,—and that animated character which she has since exhibited to the world.

“She married a physician of London, whose practice was not very extensive, and whose abilities were not held in more than a common degree of estimation;—the public therefore was very much surprized by the appearance of the first volume of a certain period of the History of England, that bore, in its title-page, the name of the doctor's wife, as the author of it. It

was

was written in a free, animated style, under the avowed impression of an ardent love of liberty:— And the fair historian, by the aid of original papers she had found in the Museum, contrived to throw some lights on the early part of the period which she had taken for the subject of her pen.

“ This volume was eagerly received by the public.—It may, indeed, be suspected, that the novelty of a female historical writer might have some share in its success; though it undoubtedly possesses a certain kind of merit, and is built on certain principles, which may suit a particular class of people.—It however received a transient approbation of the greatest statesman of this, or, perhaps, any other age;—who, in a speech he made in the House of Commons, thought proper to quote this history, and to accompany the quotation with an applausive acknowledgment to the author of it.—So honourable a testimony, added to the share of public approbation already

received, had such an effect on the fair writer, that the historian immediately predominated in every trifling action of her life;—and her zeal for public liberty broke forth at the ball, the assembly, and the card-table.

“ She continued her laborious work;—but as she proceeded, from various causes, her reputation declined;—and the fruits of her pen are become a cumbrous load on the shelves of the booksellers.

“ When her husband died, she was left with little but what depended on the precarious issue of a Scotch law-suit.—Her writings and principles had, however, raised her up a most generous friend, in a wealthy dignitary of the church,—who, having entered, with an honest, but violent zeal, into the political disputes which agitated that period, considered himself as performing an act of devotion to public virtue, in sustaining this fair supporter
of

of it.—He not only cherished her as a child,—but worshipped her as a divinity;—and, having caused a small figure of her to be made in British porcelain, it always travelled with him as his palladium;—and, in the absence of its original, occupied a constant place on his table.

“ The affectionate zeal of this reverend friend employed an eminent sculptor to form a marble statue of her, which his devotion caused to be placed in the most beautiful church in this kingdom, of which he was the minister. There he intended it should remain, as a monument to her honour, while she lived,—and to perpetuate, at least, his admiration of her character, when she should be no more.—But the bishop of the diocese to which the church belonged, did not think her living virtue qualified to rank with Christian evangelists and apostles;—and accordingly frustrated this devout commemoration of her.

“ The

“ The lady soon afterwards justified the opinion of the pious prelate, by the strange and unexpected eccentricity of her conduct. — She had, indeed, figured not only as an historian, but also as a polemical and metaphysical writer ;—but she now thought proper to give an example of female weakness, as well as masculine knowledge ;—for, at an age when certain passions are generally supposed to subside, her’s broke forth with such inflammable ardour, that they forced her to the altar with a young man, who was scarce more than of a proper age to have married her daughter.—By this late sacrifice to Cupid, she lost her station, whatever it might be, in the Temple of Fame,—banished herself from the doting affection of her reverend protector, and afforded an ample subject of public derision.—As may be supposed, she finds little comfort in her imprudent Hymen, —and she is obliged to the pages of an old author, to dissipate, in some degree, the chagrin,

chagrin she feels, at being neglected by a young husband."

"Her age," said the Count, "may be so advanced, and her personal charms so much on the decline, as, perhaps, to make the coolness of a juvenile mate neither a subject of wonder, or even of reproach.— But I see a lady, in the very next house, in a state of vigilance, which cannot possibly proceed from a similar cause,—as, from her youth and beauty, not a young man in Europe, I believe, would leave her to languish through one solitary, waking hour, who possessed the privilege of undrawing her curtains."

"Nevertheless," observed Asmodeus, "if you can possibly take your eyes from so pleasant an object,—and let them ascend to the chamber above her,—you will see a young man as watchful as herself,—who has the very privilege you mention;—and yet lies tumbling and tossing about his bed

by himself, — instead of going to that heaven which your glowing fancy imagines might be found in her's.

“ He is no less than the husband of that lady;—nor did more amiable and affectionate people ever approach the altar of Hymen; — but they are young enough to be childish,—and fond enough to quarrel about any thing.—As he was preparing an orange for her last night, after supper,—some of the juice accidentally spurted into her face;—and this trifling circumstance grew,—from the half-smiling replies and retorts of petulant vivacity,—to angry looks,—reproachful expressions,—and, at length, to such determined resentment, as to occasion their sleeping, or rather their laying awake and miserable in different beds. — At breakfast they will meet glouting and uncomfortable,—both determined not to be the first to acknowledge the uneasiness which they mutually feel,—and both equally longing for that
recon-

reconciliation which neither will make the first advancement to procure :—till at length, on his caressing her favourite little lap-dog,—she, unable to bear her mortifications any longer,—will rise suddenly from her chair, and throw herself into his arms :—He will receive her with inexpressible delight,—and they will both bless the renewal of that happiness which knows no interruption but from these little teasing, infantine quarrels,—for which they well deserve the chastisement of a school-mistress.”

“Notwithstanding all the punishments you think they may merit,” said the Count, “I am disposed to envy them from my heart;—for these little makings-up, between young people, who love one-another, are among the most rapturous businesses of life.”

“All that may be very true,” answered the Demon; “but even quarrels of this

nature,— which, I will allow you to be the exuberances of affection,—have, in their repetition, an unfortunate tendency to sour the temper;—and, though they may, in the early part of a matrimonial union, be dissipated by those returns of tender fondness of which you speak with so much delight,—they will, in time, beget an habitual fractiousness,—and gradually encrease to such a degree, as to cloud the fairest hopes of domestic happiness.—Some examples of this kind may probably fall in our way, before I am forced to take my final leave of you.—At present, your attention will find a very proper object in that gentleman who is sitting up in his bed, with a small table, covered with green-cloth, beside it, upon which he is at this moment writing;— and, were I allow to you the age of the longest life that was ever granted to man, and you were to employ every hour of it in guessing the nature of his occupation, you would

would sink at last into the grave, without having made the discovery.

“ He is a young nobleman, of great talents, dissipated manners, — and the basest principles: — His income, which was never large, — continually sinks beneath his expences; — and he is now trying the probable success of a project to encrease his revenues: — This is no less than to procure dice of such a construction, as to answer certain modes of play, with which he being alone acquainted, — will have, — by an occasional application of them, — a decided advantage over his antagonists; — so that, without that evident and constant gain, which might create suspicions, — he will, in the course of a winter, secure a very considerable portion of the money lost at the gaming-tables which he may frequent. — For this purpose his Lordship has taken into his service a very cunning workman, who possesses the skill to give a kind of certainty to these

L 6 instruments

instruments of chance; and to accomplish the business with so much nicety, as to escape almost any observation.—This man, as you may suppose, is not only lavishly paid for his knowledge and his privacy,—but, in order to secure such very profitable talents to himself, his noble protector has promised, at a future period, to give, or procure him an handsome independence for life.

“ The immediate employment of our lordly gamester is, in making his calculations on the first parcel of these dice, which were last night brought him for trial;—and, while the family are at rest, he wakes to give them proof.—You now see him throwing them in every possible manner and direction,—and, when he is perfectly satisfied that they are effectually contrived to answer the proportionate purpose of certainty in the cast, and security from detection,—he will place them under his pillow, and go comfortably to sleep during the

the rest of the morning, with every reasonable expectation of pilfering the dupes of the approaching night.

“The person whom you see in the large house to the right, who is now examining his watch by the light of a taper which burns beside him, is a man of large fortune, and an equal share of personal vanity;—he is this day to be invested with the order of the Bath,—and the blushing honour which approaches, keeps him from his rest.—He lies and counts the minutes till the sun shall rise, which is to see him arrayed in the splendid decoration of a red ribbon.

“On the parallel story of the adjoining house,” continued the Demon, “your Lordship may perceive a tall man walking up and down his chamber, to all appearance as if he were speaking a soliloquy in a play.—He is a member of parliament of very useful talents, whose finances require
the

the saving aid of the Treasury;—and has undertaken, I fear, on conditions of personal advantage to himself, to support government with his eloquence, on a question of some consequence which is this day to be the object of Parliamentary discussion —In the early part of the night he dreamed that he had spoken on the wrong side of the question; and awoke, in consequence of his fancied error, in such extreme agitation, as not to be able to recompose himself to sleep;—he therefore amuses the vigilant interval, by rehearsing the profitable oratory of the day.

“ I need not ask,” said Don Cleofas, “ why that poor man, who reclines his miserable form on a sofa, with the languid looks of sickness and of pain, is absent from his pillow:—Some disease, a foe to slumber, seems to have laid its afflicting hand upon him, and will, perhaps, forbid his eyes to close in rest, till death closes them for ever.

“ With

“ With all the appearance of pain,” answered Asmodeus, “ which you perceive in that good man’s countenance, and, in truth, he feels no inconsiderable portion of it,—you will feel no small degree of applause and satisfaction, when I make you acquainted with the reality of his situation.—He is a physician, with whom the gain of his profession has ever been a secondary principle.—To do good is the first object of his skill, and of his heart :—nor is it to the honour of this metropolis, that a man of so much intrinsic virtue,—and whose medical skill is by no means behind his moral qualities, should not move in the first line of medical practice. He has lately attended a lady, whose disorder has not only baffled his skill, but that of the very eminent physicians whose experience he had called in to assist his own.—His patient, however, finding that their added councils brought no additional advantage, entreated her physician to continue his care alone, being persuaded that if
his

his skill was bootless, she must be resigned, as she was prepared, to meet her fate.—He, therefore, continued a vigilant attendance on a disease which he feared was beyond the reach of medicine.—On the appearance, however, of some very singular and unexpected symptoms, he conceived the hope that a certain kind of exterior application might be attended with a beneficial effect, and desired another consultation of his brethren on the subject, who united in refusing their assent to the remedy he proposed;—but as their reasonings concerning the state of the patient did not, by any means, satisfy his mind; and, as their opinion of the probable effects of the medicine appeared to be in direct opposition to what his own experience had taught him,—he determined, instead of trying its effects, which is a very common practice, upon some poor unconscious inmate of an hospital, to make the experiment upon himself;—and he is now suffering the pain arising from these applications,

cations, in order to form a precise judgment as to the nature of their operation, and how far he may be justified in supporting his own opinion against that of the most eminent practitioners."

"This is an admirable example, indeed, of professional duty," answered Don Cleofas, "which, unless the physicians of this country are of a superior character to those of any other, will find but few followers."

"The British medical professors," answered Asmodeus, "are certainly the most learned, and, I believe, the most liberal practitioners on the globe;—but how many there are among them who would make such a sacrifice, and try such experiments as you now see, it is not my province to determine. It is sufficient, I think, for me, that I shew you such a distinguished example of professional honour, philanthropy and judgment;—for, in consequence

sequence of this experiment upon himself, he will not hesitate to prescribe the remedy his own knowledge had suggested,—and to whose effects one of the most valuable women in the world will owe a very unexpected restoration to all the comforts and virtues of life.”

“ A figure of a similar nature, though of a different sex, has also a claim to your attention, at no great distance from the house of the philanthropic physician.—She is sitting in an upright posture, and almost motionless, in a large chair, which is opposite to a blazing fire,—and is undergoing a very curious cosmetic application, which has no motive but the most senseless vanity.

“ That lady was, not many years ago, one of the most beautiful women of this country ;—and it is now the most anxious, if not the only wish of her heart, to preserve, by artificial means, the vernal lilies

lies and roses which nature forbids to bloom on the face of autumn.—For this purpose she is now submitting to an operation, which does not require vigilance for any other reason than to guard against the careless, unconscious emotion of sleep, which might destroy the effects, or, at least, retard its progress.—This ceremony of the toilette is painful in its operation,—creates disgust during the day,—does not charm, even in the glare of midnight,—and is uncertain in its duration;—for it is the third time, within a fortnight, that this silly woman has thought herself obliged to submit to it:—It tends also to produce diseases of the most shocking and melancholy nature; nevertheless, this infatuated woman continues the practice, for no other reason, but because it procures an idle flattery to her own eyes, in the reflection of her looking-glass.

“ Another sleepless lady is in the next house, — and has more resolution than many

many of her sex, or she would take some method to sleep for ever.—After having lived to the age of fifty, with the best of husbands,—and in all the comforts of life, she became a wealthy widow,—and was, with no great difficulty, persuaded to marry an handsome young officer, of the most dissipated inclinations, who happened to lodge in the same house with her at Bath;—and on whom, the morning after her marriage,—which took place within this month,—she settled the whole of her fortune.—He lived with her quietly and civilly till yesterday,—when, without giving her the least notice of his intentions,—he set off for the Continent with an Italian opera singer;—and, last night, an upholsterer surprized her with a visit, to demand possession of the house and furniture, which her husband had sold to him in the morning.—It was even with difficulty that this silly woman could obtain leave to stay during the night, in order to pack up her clothes;—in which comfortable task you see

see her at this moment employed ;—and on condition that she should pay an exorbitant price for the attendance of four men, whom you may perceive drinking in a room below,—to take care that she carries nothing out of the house but what absolutely belongs to her.

“ The gentleman,” continued the Demon, “ whom a glance to the left of us will discover at a table, with an heap of money and notes before him, is a man of feeling, though the member of a gaming-club.—The wealth, however, which you see in his possession, does not proceed from the fortune of play, as he never touches a card but in the way of domestic pastime ;—it is, on the contrary, the fruits of a collection he has been for some time making, and which received last night a most generous augmentation from some successful gamblers, for a man of worth and talents, whose good qualities had brought him to ruin,—and who has, for some time, been

pinning in want and seclusion, without having courage sufficient to apply for the least assistance to his former friends.

“ This gentleman having by chance discovered his retreat, not only offered him instant relief from his own purse, but has, throughout the whole extent of his numerous acquaintance, solicited the kindness of others;—in which act of benevolence he has been so successful as to have amassed a little fortune for the distressed person, which may greatly forward the means of his future provision and comfort. Indeed so delighted is he with the idea of the happiness he shall bestow in the course of the day, that it has deprived him of his usual rest during the night;—and he amuses the interval by forming a variety of plans for the advantageous and final settlement of the object of his friendship.”

“ This is a charming picture,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, “ that makes ample
amends

amends for many of a very different complexion which have preceded it."

"I will not, therefore," said the Demon, "interrupt the impressions it makes upon your mind; but leave them to their operation till I have the pleasure of seeing you again, which shall not be delayed beyond the time of your necessary repose;" to which, after he had rapidly conveyed him to his hotel, the Devil upon Two Sticks immediately consigned him.

END OF VOLUME VI.